

NO.
23

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CAPTAIN AMERICA

FEBRUARY

COMICS



IN THIS
ISSUE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

NEW! DIFFERENT! EXCITING!

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Stan Lee,
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Art Director

Number 23 Syd Shores,
Associate



CAPTAIN AMERICA

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KRAZY Comics
TERRYTOONS Comics
COMEDY Comics
AMERICA'S
FUNNIEST
THREE!



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CAPTAIN AMERICA

and

THE MYSTERY OF THE 100 CORPSES!



OUR STORY OPENS ON A BLISTERING HOT DAY WITH OUR TWO FRIENDS, PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND MASCOT BUCKY BARNES LOOKING FOR A COOL SPOT----

THERE IT IS! I TOLD YOU THE QUARRY POOL WASN'T FAR!

OF THAT LAST OF MONKEYS

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT SARGE PUTTING US THRU SUCH A DRILL ON A HOT DAY LIKE THIS!

THE GUY AIN'T HUMAN! BUT C'MON, STEVE, IT'S JUST A LITTLE FURTHER!

BET I CAN STAY UNDER WATER LONGER THAN YOU, KIDDO!

YOU'RE ON! LET'S GO! ONE--TWO---

TIE!

THREE!

BUT WHEN BUCKY'S HEAD POPS OUT OF THE WATER, HIS FACE IS STRAINED AND FRIGHTENED!

L-LOOK WHAT I FOUND!

A-B-B-BODY!

HOLY SMOKE! MUST BE A SUICIDE! THIS QUARRY HAS HAD QUITE A FEW!

BUT, STEVE, IT ISN'T
JUST ONE BODY...
THERE MUST BE
DOZENS OF THEM
DOWN THERE!

SUDDENLY A HARSH VOICE SOUNDS CROAK-
INGLY ABOVE THEM, LIKE A PRO-
NOUNCEMENT OF DOOM...

I PUT THEM THERE! AND
YOU TWO SNOOPERS ARE
GOING TO JOIN THEM!

WHA..?

SAY YOUR
PRAYERS!
HA! HA!

STEVE... LOOK!
IZAN! BACK-
WARDS IT'S
NAZI!

LET'S GET
OUTTA
HERE!

STEVE AND BUCKY
DIVE TO THE BOT-
TOM TO ESCAPE
THE DEADLY
BULLETS OF
IZAN!

BANG!

BLUB!

THEY CAN'T
STAY DOWN
FOREVER!

DIVING QUICKLY, THE TWO FIGHTERS
TRAVEL UNDER WATER AND COME UP
NEAR SHORE...

SH-H-H!

THE
MYSTER-
IOUS
IZAN
WAITS
PATIENTLY
FOR THE
TWO TO
COME
UP FOR
AIR!

LOOKING FOR
SOMEBODY?

WHA..?

FROM BEHIND THE BUSHES WHERE STEVE ROGERS HAD TOSSED KHAKI, NOW STEPS A MIGHTY FORM IN RED, WHITE AND BLUE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO PLAY WITH GUNS!

BUT HELP COMES FOR IZAN!

GET HIM, MEN!

WE DO IT!

ARE YOU KIDDING?

CRACK!

BUT REINFORCEMENTS COME FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA, TOO---

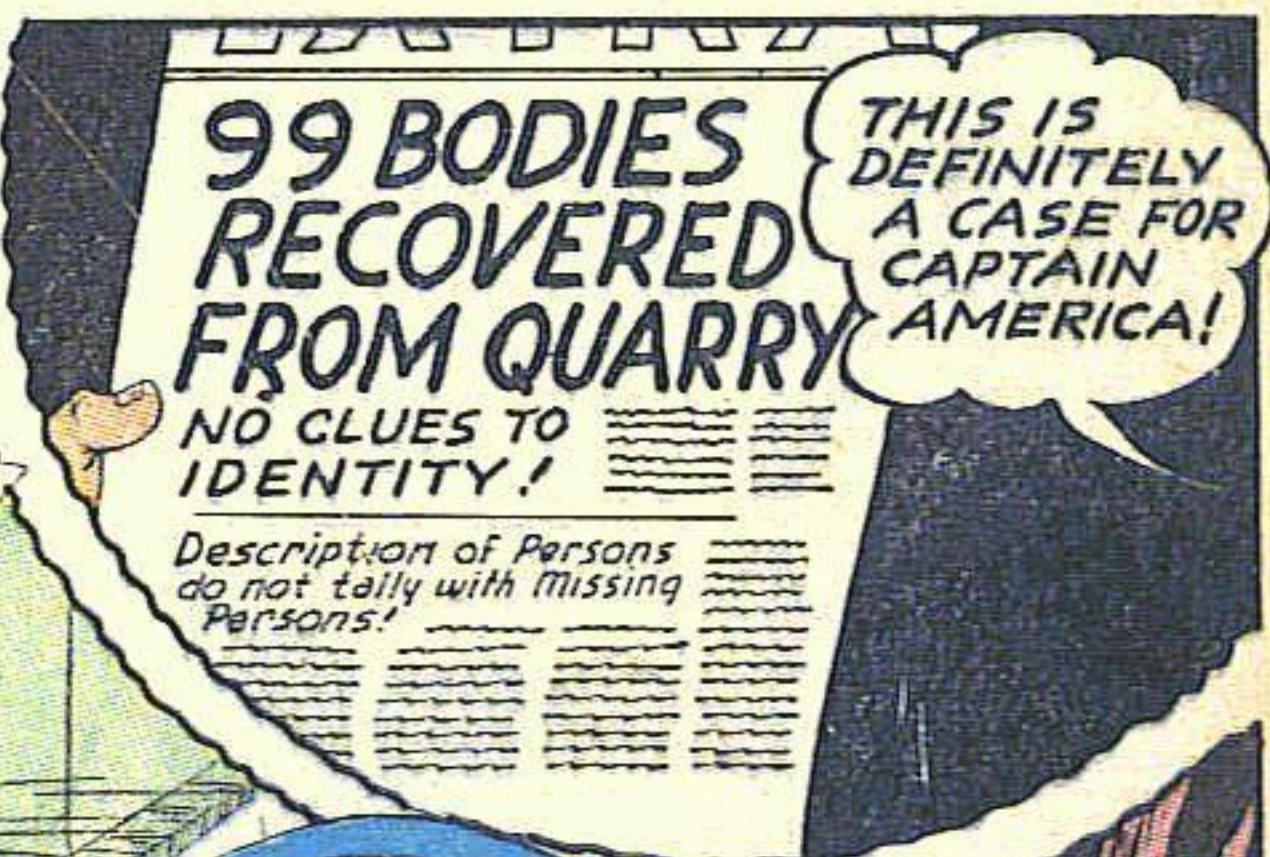
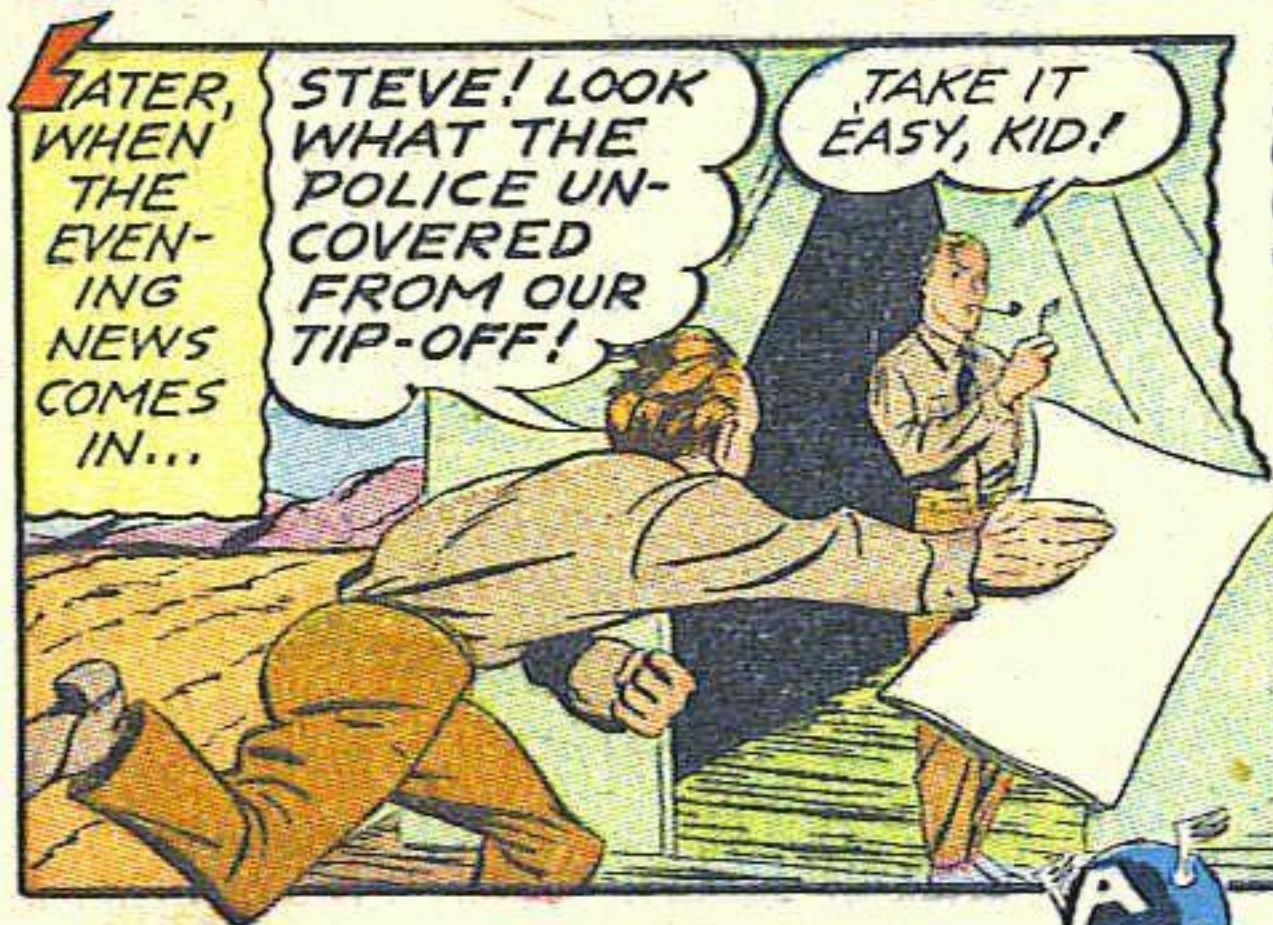
THIS WAY, BUCKY!

SAVE SOME FOR ME, CAP!

FIRST I'LL BRING YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE!

OOMP!

-- AND NOW --
SIGN OFF!



CAP AND BUCKY QUICKLY ARRIVE AT THE CITY MORGUE...

MAYBE WE CAN GET A CLUE HERE! AT LEAST WE MIGHT FIND OUT **HOW** THEY WERE MURDERED!

CITY MORGUE

SOFT-PEDAL THAT MURDER STUFF, CAP! COLD SHIVERS ARE RUNNING UP AND DOWN MY SPINE NOW, THINKING OF THE NINETY-NINE BODIES LYING IN THAT COLD, CLAMMY PLACE!

DUCK, KID! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT NONE OF THESE 99 MEN HAVE BEEN MURDERED, DOCTOR?

EXACTLY! AND THE STRANGEST PART OF IT IS...NO WATER WAS FOUND IN THE LUNGS! IN OTHER WORDS, NONE HAD DIED BY DROWNING!

SHH!

STEALTHILY THEY MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE MORGUE...

WHY WOULD ANYONE HIDE A CORPSE THAT HADN'T BEEN MURDERED? WHY DIDN'T ANYONE CLAIM THE BODIES? WHOSE BODIES WERE THEY, IF NO ONE MISSED THEM? WHY? WHY? WHY?

BAFFLED BY THE GRUESOME MYSTERY, CAP AND BUCKY LEAVE THE MORGUE...

IF THEY ALL DIED NATURAL DEATHS, WHY WAS IZAN HIDING THEM?

Y'GOT ME THERE, BUCKY! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO FIND IZAN... BUT WHERE... AND WHY WOULDN'T A BODY BE MISSED? BUCKY, WAIT A MINUTE!

I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! C'MON! NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND IZAN!

HEY! WAIT FOR BABY!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR FROM CAP AND BUCKY, A TRAGIC SCENE IS TAKING PLACE...

MY HUSBAND! HE'S DYING!

LET US LEAVE THE ROOM FOR A MOMENT!

YOUR HUSBAND IS BREATHING HIS LAST! HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE CHANCE! GIVE ME TEN MINUTES ALONE WITH HIM...

YES, YES! DO EVERYTHING YOU CAN... PLEASE!

MOTHER! IS FATHER GOING TO DIE?

HUSH, SONNY! MAYBE THE DOCTOR CAN SAVE HIM! WHY DON'T YOU GO OUTSIDE FOR A LITTLE WHILE?

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY COME UPON THE BOY AS HE SITS ON THE CURB...

LOOK... THE KID'S CRYING! MAYBE HE'S LOST!

WHAT'S WRONG, SON?

IT'S-IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA! MY FATHER IS DYING, CAN YOU HELP ME, CAP?

LET'S TAKE A LOOK, BUCKY!

GAP AND BUCKY TAKE THE EASY WAY UP TO THE LIGHTED WINDOW!

YOU'RE SURE THE HERO OF ALL THE KIDS! THEY THINK YOU CAN DO ANYTHING!

SOMETIMES I WONDER! THIS IS AN BUSINESS HAS GOT ME STUMPED!

WHOOOPS! BOY! I FEEL FINE!

SHH! I'M GOING TO CALL THEM IN!

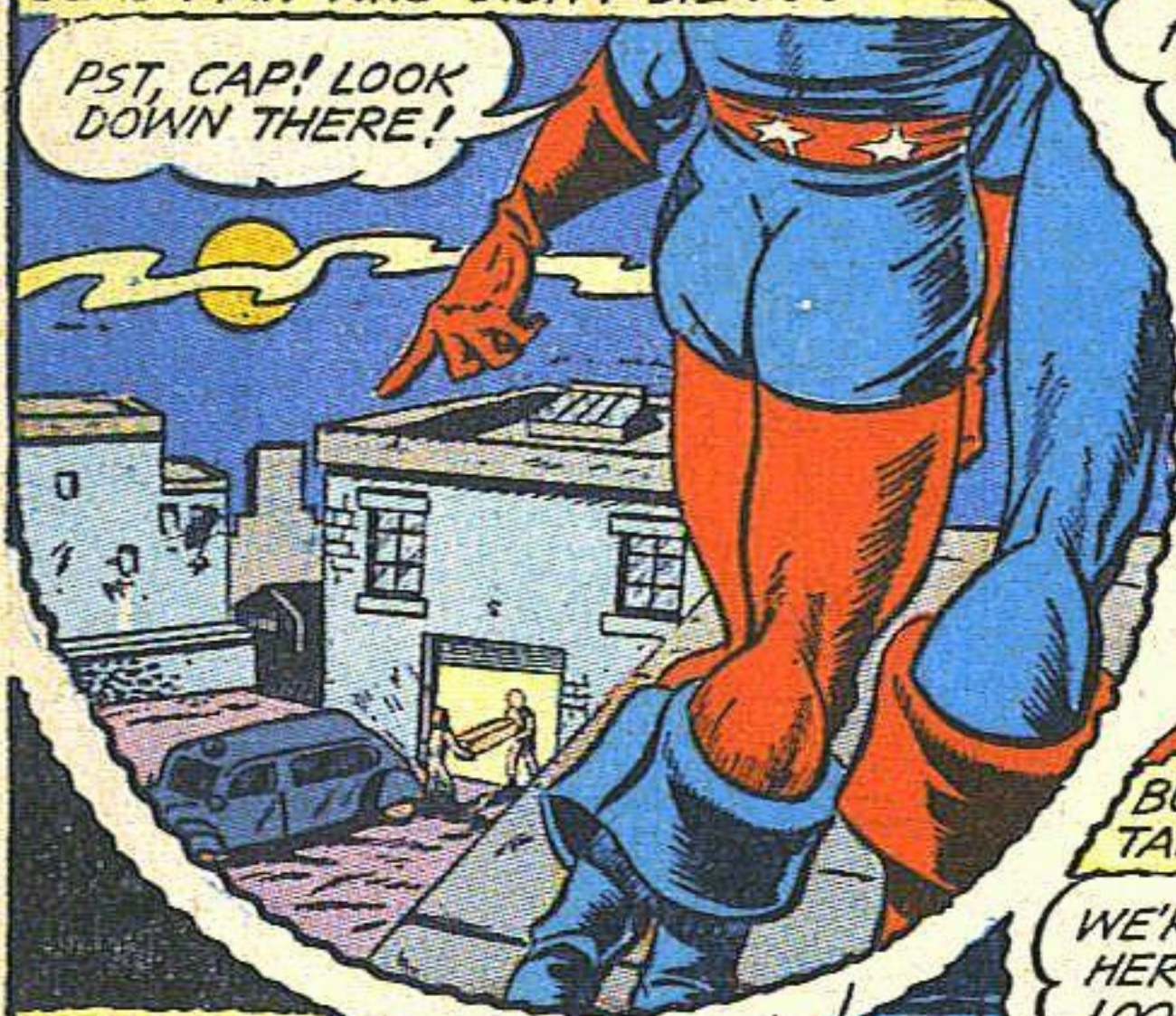
GEE WHIZ! I THOUGHT HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DYING!

STRANGE, ISN'T IT? HMMM! THAT DOC... HE LOOKS FAMILIAR!

EXPECTING TO SEE A DYING MAN, CAP AND BUCKY ARE DUMB-FOUNDED TO FIND...

TO ADD TO THE BAFFLING MYSTERY, A HEARSE CALLS FOR A DEAD MAN WHO DIDN'T DIE...

PST, CAP! LOOK DOWN THERE!

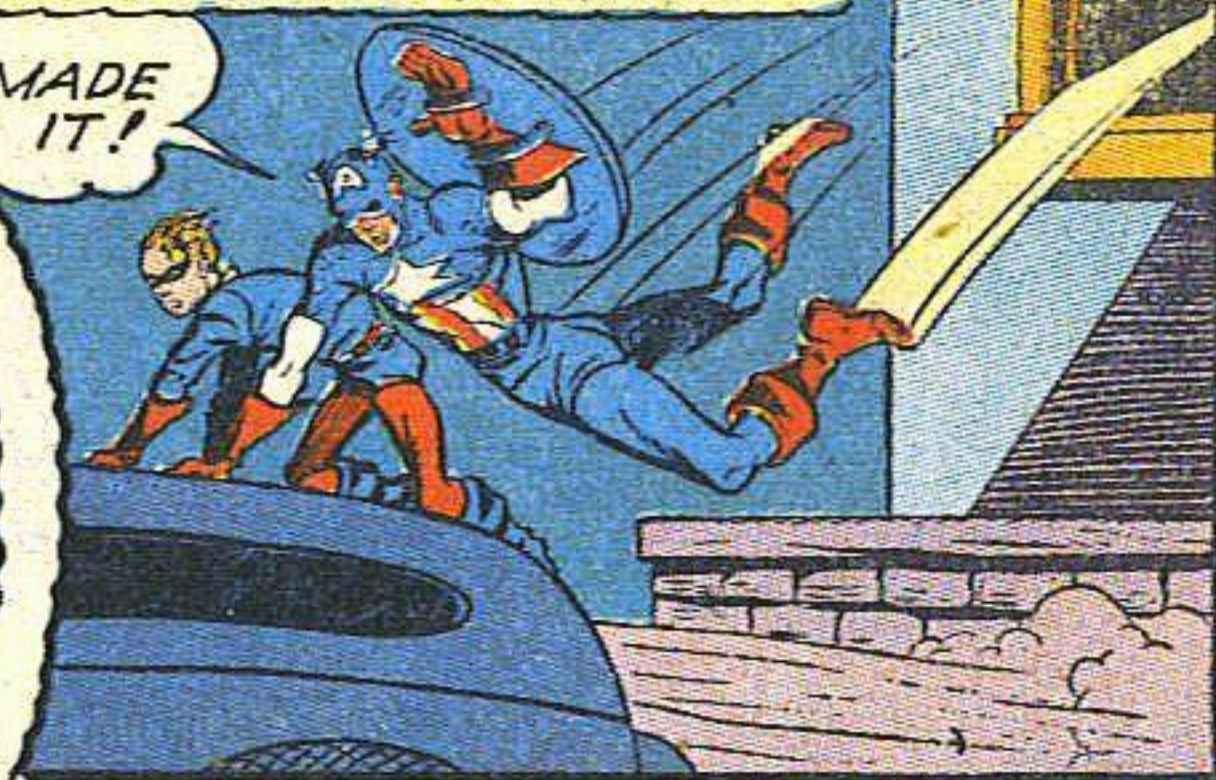


...AND THE CAR SPEEDS TO A LONE BUILDING ON THE OUT-SKIRTS OF TOWN!



QUICKLY, THE TWO VALIANTS LEAP TO THE ROOF OF THE SPEEDING HEARSE...

MADE IT!



AS THE CAR COMES TO A HALT, CAP AND BUCKY LEAP OFF AND HIDE, AND A COFFIN IS TAKEN FROM THE HEARSE INTO THE HOUSE...

WE'RE ON TO SOMETHING HERE, BUCKY! LET'S LOOK FOR ANOTHER ENTRANCE!



SECONDS LATER, THE "DOCTOR" ARRIVES, AND TAKES OFF HIS DISGUISE... TO EXPOSE...

I DON'T NEED THIS ANY-MORE!



IN A SECRET UNDERGROUND ROOM OF IZAN'S HOUSE OF DEATH----

IT IS GOOD! THIS MAKES A GOOD HAUL, EH, GIOCO?

DIS ISS DA NEW VICTIM, HERR DOKTOR! UND HE VAS SO TOUGH, HE VASN'T DYING FAST ENOUGH SO I USED A PILLOW TO SUFFOCATE HIM!

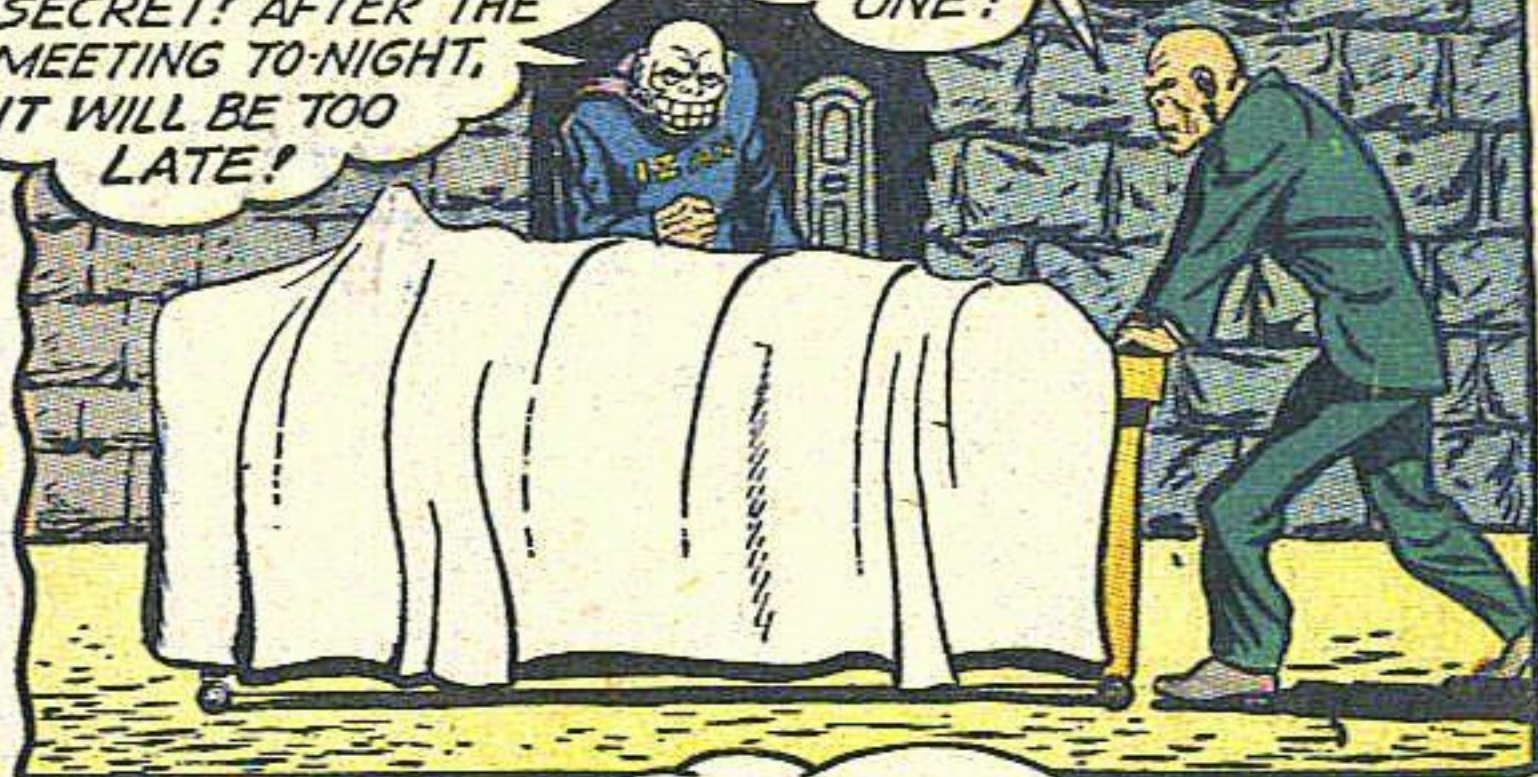


DR. IZAN REMOVES A FEW IDENTIFYING MARKS...

SOON THE DAY WILL COME AND I SHALL HAVE MY MEN WELL PLACED! THEN I'LL STRIKE!

THE STUPID F.B.I. WILL NEVER UNCOVER MY SECRET! AFTER THE MEETING TO-NIGHT, IT WILL BE TOO LATE!

GOOT, HERR DOKTOR! HERE ISS ANOTHER ONE!

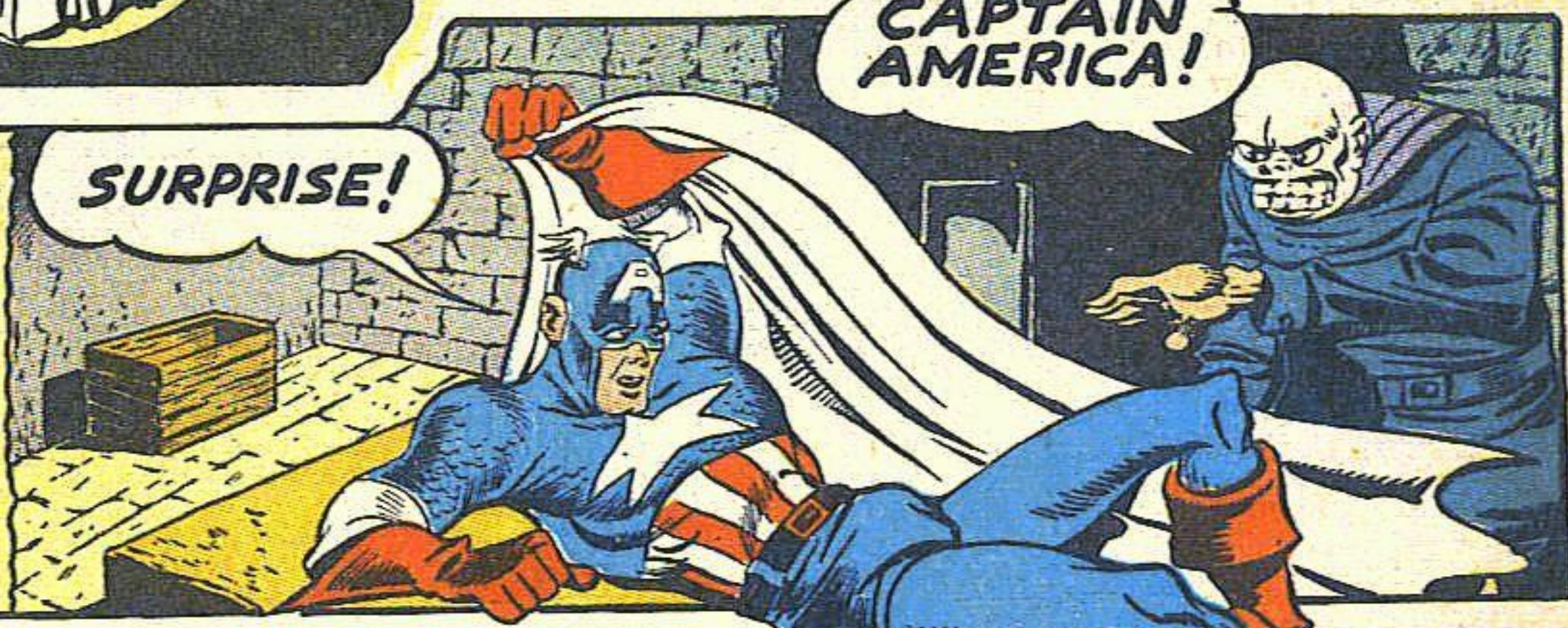


CAPTAIN AMERICA!

SUDDENLY THE "CORPSE" UNDER THE SHEET BECOMES VERY MUCH ALIVE...



SURPRISE!

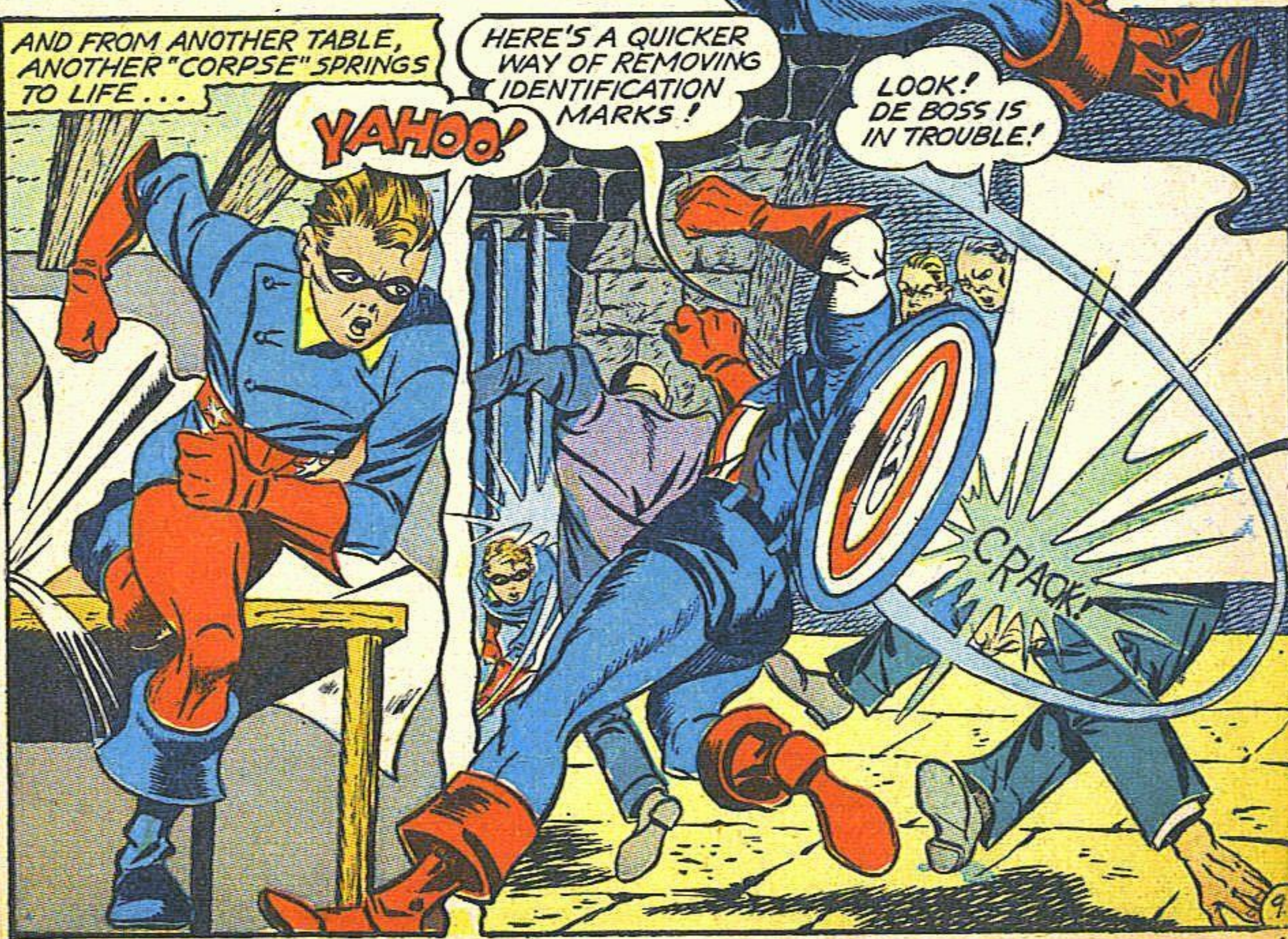


AND FROM ANOTHER TABLE, ANOTHER "CORPSE" SPRINGS TO LIFE...

HERE'S A QUICKER WAY OF REMOVING IDENTIFICATION MARKS!

LOOK! DE BOSS IS IN TROUBLE!

YAHOO!



CRACK!

AS DR. IZAN'S HENCHMEN RUSH INTO THE ROOM, BUCKY GOES INTO ACTION....

LOOK OUT!

YOU SAID IT!

THE SPEEDY OPERATING TABLE FINDS ITS MARK....

HIMMEL!

YEOW!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THE LAST OF THEM! WHERE'S DR. IZAN?

YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

THERE HE GOES! OVER BY THE LIGHT SWITCH!

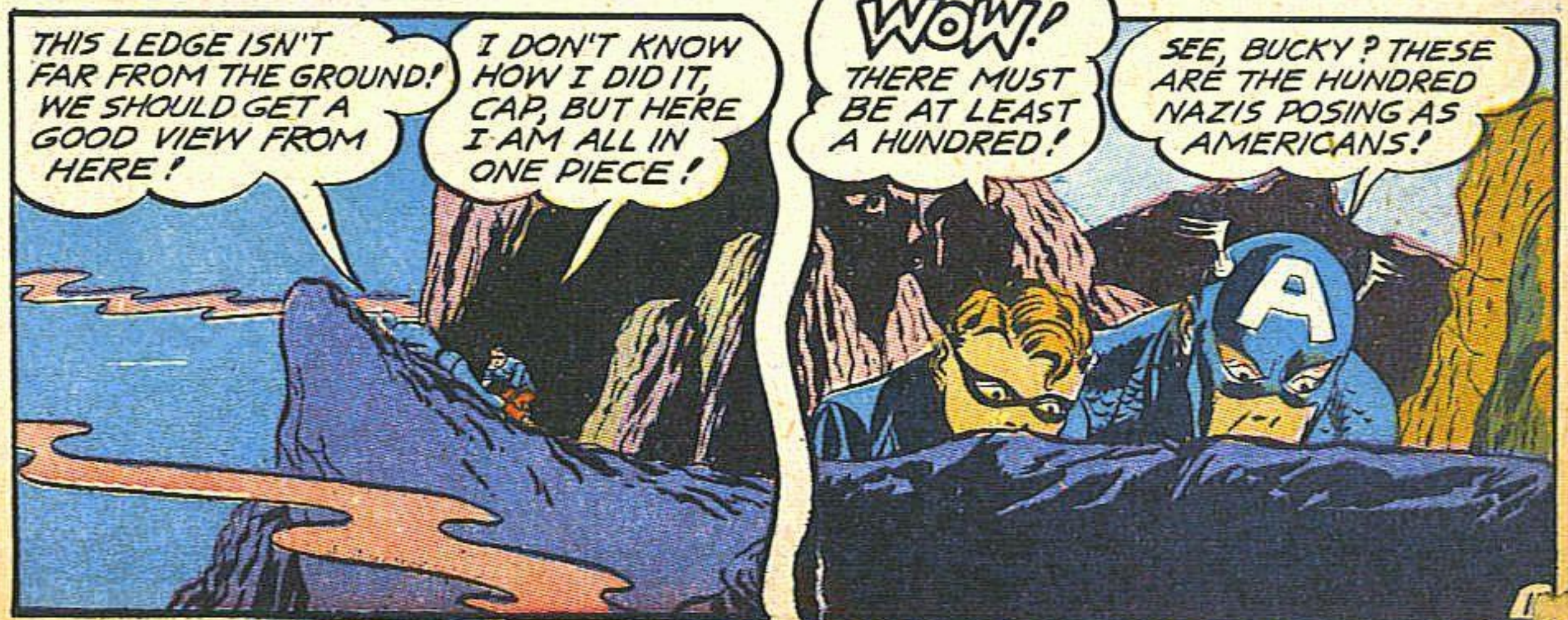
AND THE ROOM IS THROWN INTO SUDDEN DARKNESS!

WHA... HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

HA! HA! ONE OF THESE SHOULD FIND IT'S MARK!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

BANG!



... AND SO CAPTAIN AMERICA DISCOVERS
THE MEETING PLACE OF DR. IZAN'S MEN...

MAYBE NOW WE'LL
FIND OUT WHAT
THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

AT TWELVE TO-
NIGHT WE SHALL
STRIKE THE CRUSHING
BLOW! MOST OF YOU
ARE AIR-RAID WARDENS
AND KNOW WHAT TO DO!
GO NOW AND WAIT FOR
THE SIGNAL!

HEIL
HITLER!

HEIL
HITLER!

WE CAN'T TACKLE
THIS MOB ALONE!
WE'LL HAVE TO
WATCH-AND WAIT!

I SUPPOSE SO!
BUT I'D LIKE TO
GET A WHACK AT
A COUPLE OF
THOSE RATS!

BUT CAP'S FOOT ACCIDENTLY DISLODGES
A STONE AND STARTS A SMALL AVALANCHE!

WHOOPS!
THAT DID IT!

BUCKY, WE'RE
IN TROUBLE!

IT'S OKAY,
CAP! WE'RE
ALWAYS READY
FOR THAT!

WHAT'S
THAT?

IT'S NONE OF
US! SOME-
ONE'S SPYING
ON US!

QUICK! SEE WHO
IT IS! KILL THEM
ON THE SPOT! WE
CAN'T AFFORD
DISCOVERY!



THEM AGAIN?
AND I THOUGHT...
GET THEM! GET
THAT CAPTAIN
AMERICA AND
THAT BRAT!
ONCE AND FOR
ALL I WILL
FINISH THEM!

COME AND
GET US!

WHAT
DID HE
CALL
ME?

SET 'EM UP IN
THE OTHER
ALLEY!

TEN-STRIKE!

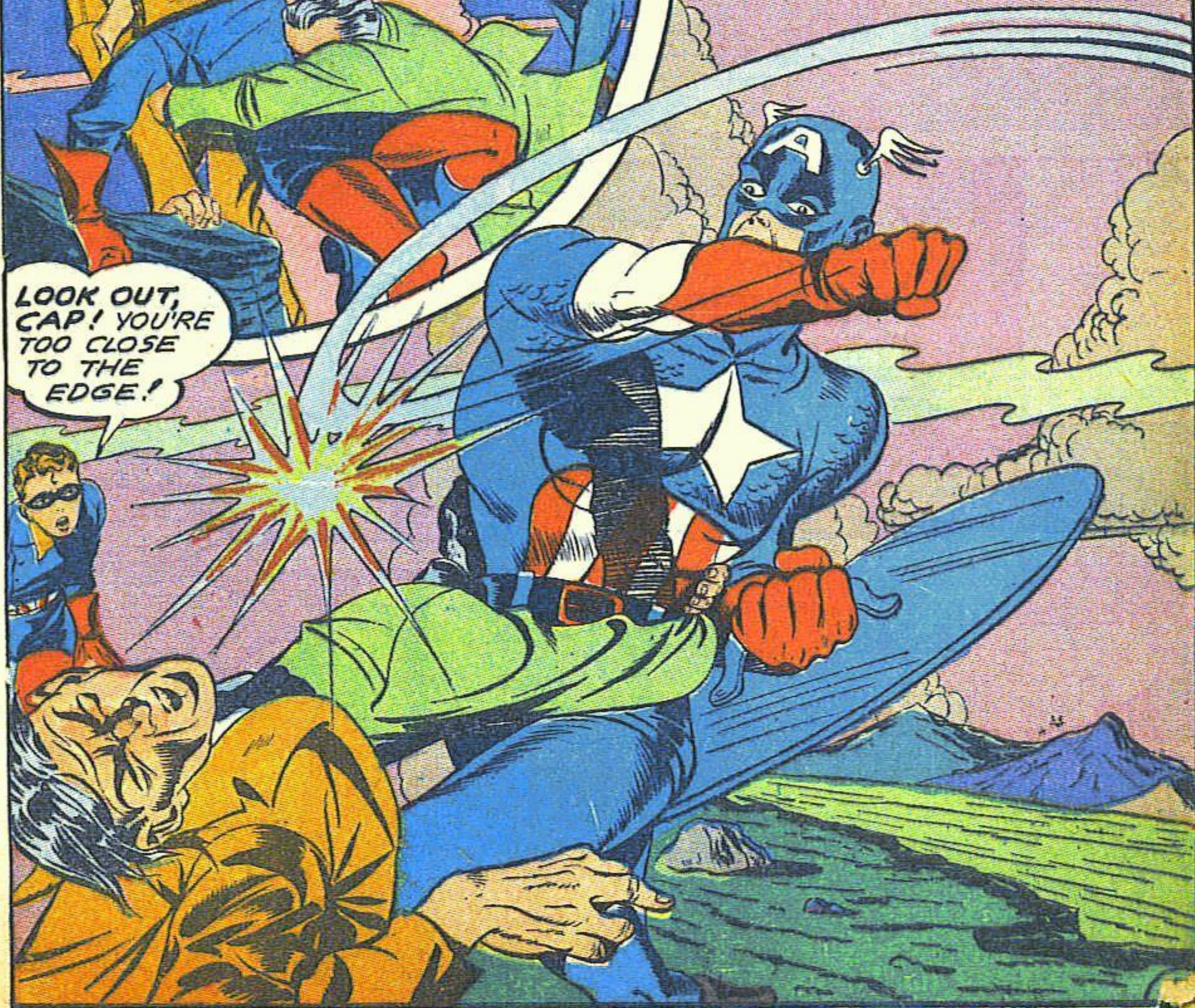
THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT FOR BUCKY, AND
CAP GOES TO HIS AID...

HEY, CAP!

OKAY, PAL, I'LL GIVE
YOU A HAND!

...AND IS CAUGHT IN A WHIRLPOOL
OF FIGHTING BODIES BENT ON
DESTRUCTION...

LOOK OUT,
CAP! YOU'RE
TOO CLOSE
TO THE
EDGE!



COMPLETELY OUT-NUMBERED, CAP IS FORCED OFF THE LEDGE INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF THE NAZI AGENTS BELOW...

AND NOW WHAT IS THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA GOING TO DO? HA, BRING THE LITTLE BRAT HERE!

WE GOT HIM!

DON'T BRAG, IZAN! YOU'RE LUCKY YOU HAD A HUNDRED MEN TO HELP YOU!

HA! HA! JUST THE THING! WE'LL SEE IF THE MAN OF STEEL CAN WITHSTAND A **STONE-CRUSHER**! DRAG THEM THERE, MEN!

CHIN UP, KID! SOMEBODY WILL AVENGE US ONE DAY!

LOOKS LIKE OUR FINISH, CAP!

CUT DER GAB!

AND SO THE GREAT FIGHTING DUO IS DRAGGED TO A MONSTROUS **STONE-CRUSHING MACHINE**!

ALL RIGHT! PUSH THEM IN! WE'LL SHOW'EM!

CAP AND BUCKY ARE LOWERED INTO THE VICIOUS MACHINE...

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS... BUT HOW?

KINDA DEEP, ISN'T IT?

START THE CRUSHER! GOODBY, CAPTAIN AMERICA! HA! HA!

FORWARD, MEN! TO YOUR POSTS! HAVE EVERY LIGHT IN THE CITY ON BY MIDNIGHT!

JAWOHL!

CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER! I'M NOT A ROCK!

DOWN GOES THE PLATFORM BRINGING CAP AND BUCKY CLOSER TO THE HUGE JAWS OF THE CRUSHER...

ROCK! BUCKY, YOU DID IT! SEE THAT ROCK NEAR YOUR FOOT? IF WE THROW THAT IN THE MACHINE, WE'LL STOP THE WORKS!

WHAT GOOD IS THAT? THIS IS A STONE-CRUSHER! IT'LL JUST BUST THE ROCK INTO LITTLE PIECES!

NOT IF WE DROP IT INTO THAT EXPOSED GEAR! WORK IT LOOSE WITH YOUR FOOT...

THERE IT GOES, CAP! I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!

IT'S GOTTA WORK, BUCKY!

A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE AS CAP AND BUCKY WAIT FOR THE GEARS TO JAM! THEN WITH A SUDDEN BANG THE MASSIVE MACHINERY GRINDS TO A STOP!

YEOW! IT WORKED, BUCKY! WE'RE SAVED!

RUMBLE! RUMBLE! BANG!

CAP SOON FREES HIMSELF OF HIS ROPES AND...

WE KNOW EVERYTHING NOW, BUCKY! IZAN IS A NAZI AGENT WHO REPLACED DYING AMERICANS WITH HIS OWN MEN! AND THESE MEN ARE NOW READY TO EXECUTE A BIG COUP!

THE THREATENING JAWS OF THE HUGE CRUSHER SILENCED, IT IS NO TRICK TO CLIMB OUT... AND SOON AMERICA'S GREATEST FIGHTING PAIR ARE AGAIN FREE TO HUNT DOWN THE FOE!

GOSH, CAP, WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO ROUND UP THOSE HUNDRED GUYS BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

BUCKY! AIR-RAID SIRENS!

AAWWWWWWWWWW

SWIFTLY, THEY SPEED TOWARD THE CITY, TO DISCOVER IT IN A BLAZE OF LIGHT!

WOW! LOOK! EVERY LIGHT IN THE CITY IS ON!

THERE'S THE POWER PLANT! HURRY! WE HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO SPARE!



GAP WALKS UP TO A NAZI GUARD AT THE POWER PLANT...

HEIL HITLER!

JA! GIB DER SALUTE!

OKAY, RATZI!

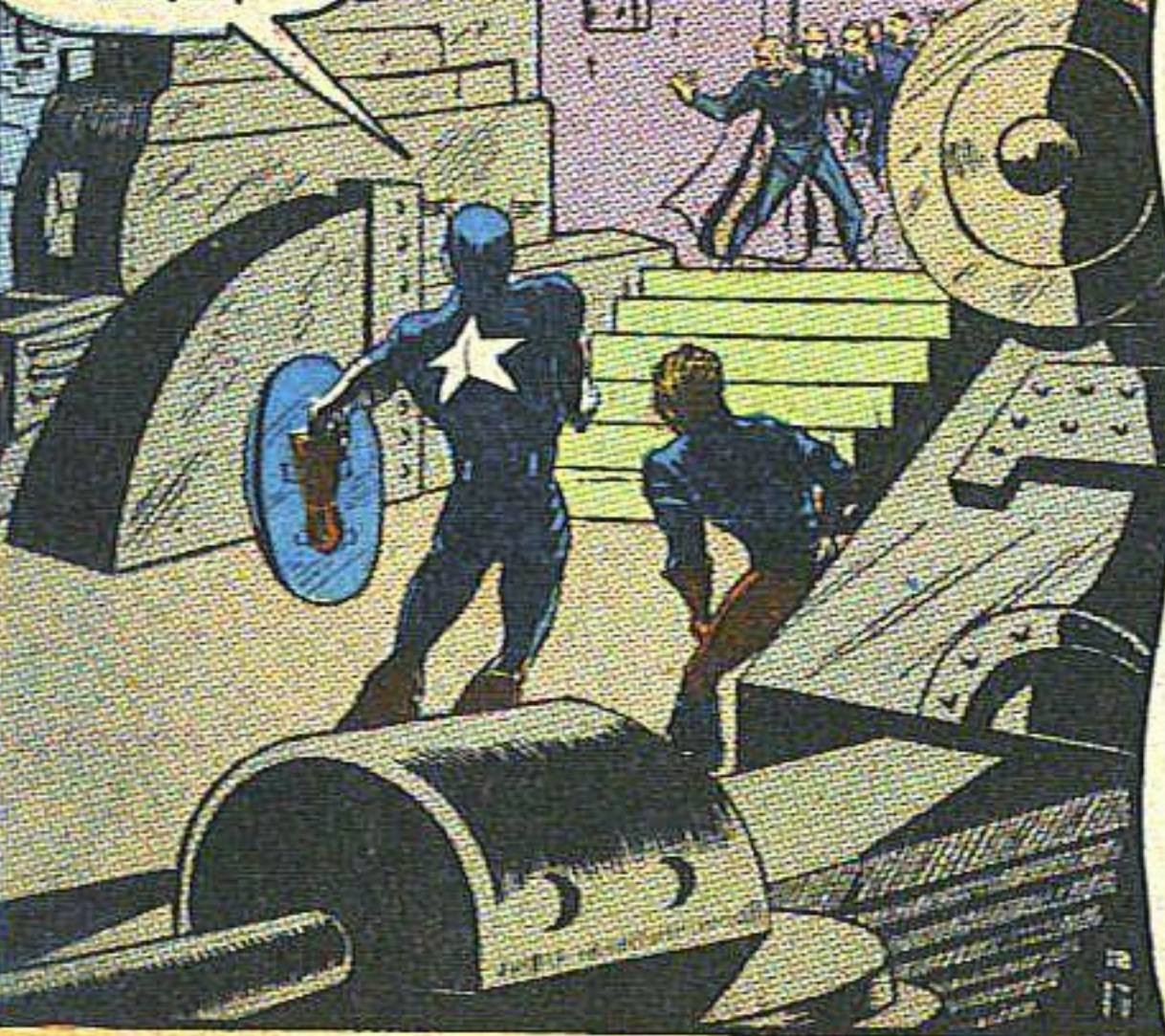


THEY RUSH INSIDE TO FIND....

GOTT IN HIMMEL! AGAIN IT IS THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA! THIS TIME FOR SURE WE MUST FINISH HIM!

LEAVE IT TO US!

WELL, WELL! IT LOOKS LIKE IZAN HIMSELF IS ON GUARD HERE!



BUT IZAN'S MEN RUN INTO A TORRENT OF RAGING FURY!

YOU MAY WIN A FEW BATTLES, NAZIS, BUT NEVER THE LAST ONE!

UGH!

GLUG!

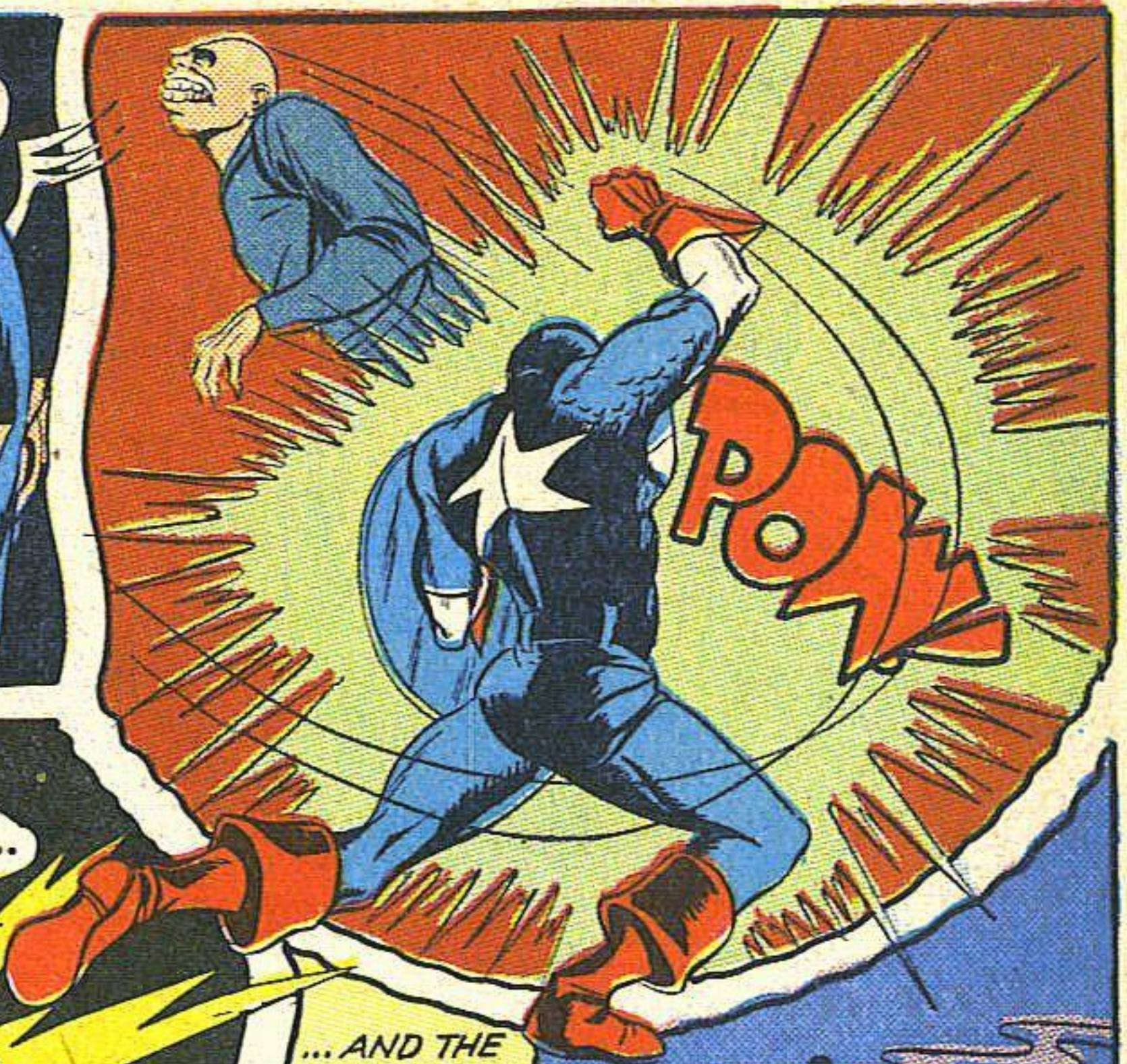


THAT TAKES CARE OF
YOUR MEN, IZAN! NOW
IT'S YOUR TURN!



AEEEEEEEEEE...

IZAN IS
THROWN
INTO THE
SWITCH
AND
SHORT-
CIRCUITS
THE
ENTIRE
POWER
PLANT--



... AND THE
BRILLIANTLY
LIGHTED
CITY IS
THROWN
INTO
UTTER
DARKNESS!

AS
THE
TWO
HEROES
ARE
ABOUT
TO
LEAVE
THE
PLANT...

WE'RE
F.B.I.
MEN...
WE...

CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY! WE
SHOULD'VE GUESSED! CON-
GRATULATIONS! YOU SAVED
THE CITY! OUR PLANES INTER-
CEPTED THE RAIDERS!



THANKS! I'LL LEAVE IT
TO YOU BOYS TO ROUND
UP THE NAZI AGENTS!
JUST LOOK THEM UP
UNDER DR. IZAN'S LIST
OF PATIENTS FOR
THE PAST YEAR!



CAP, I STILL DON'T
GET IT CLEAR HOW
DR. IZAN WORKED...

WELL, BUCKY, ALL OF HIS PATIENTS THAT DIED,
HE REPLACED WITH HIS OWN AGENTS,
THEREBY ASSURING THEM GOOD AMERICAN
CITIZENSHIP! BUT HE HAD TO DISPOSE OF
THE BODIES... AND USED THE QUARRY!
THAT'S WHERE WE CAME IN... AND
IZAN WENT OUT!



THE END

HUMAN TORCH

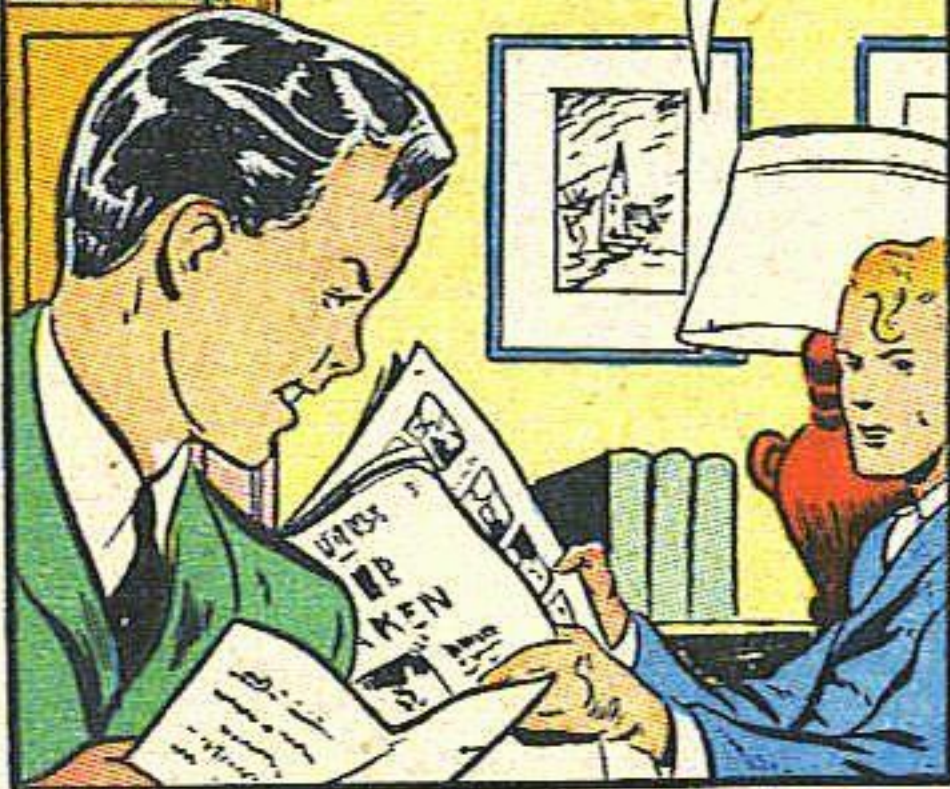
DOWN THE WAYS SLID THE U.S. DESTROYER...
DEATH DANGLING FROM ITS BOW...TORO
STARING HELPLESSLY INTO A GUN
BARREL --- THEN, THE
HUMAN TORCH...
BUT READ ALL ABOUT:
**TERROR AT THE
SHIPYARDS!**



AT THE LODGINGS OF **TORCH**
AND **TORO**...

TORCH! WE HAVE AN INVITATION
TO A LAUNCHING AT THE
CALBIN YARDS! WHAT
DO YA THINK OF
THAT?

SWELL! WE'LL
GO EARLY AND GET
UP NEAR THE
PLATFORM.



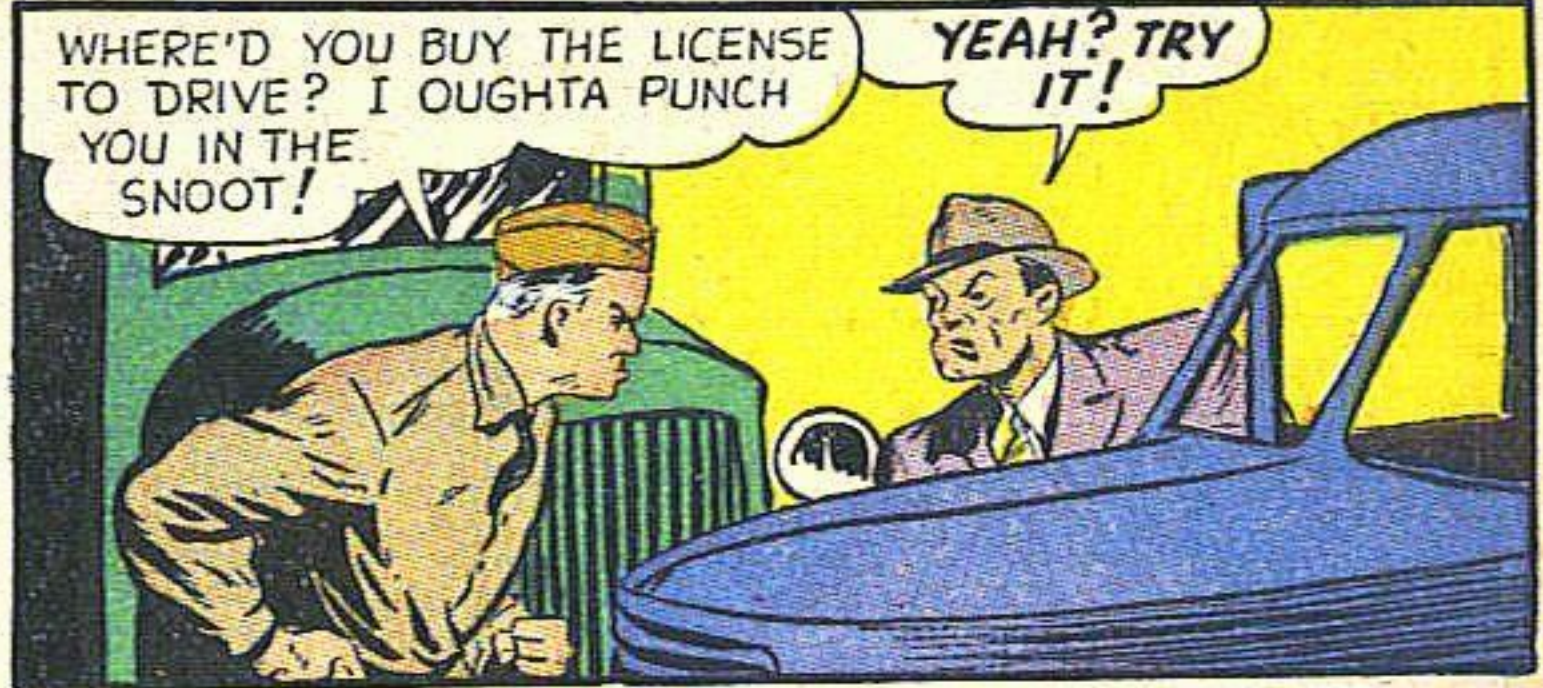
THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A GOVERNMENT VAN, AS IT SPEEDS
ALONG. SUDDENLY...

LOOK OUT!
THAT CRAZY
FOOL!



WHERE'D YOU BUY THE LICENSE
TO DRIVE? I OUGHTA PUNCH
YOU IN THE
SNOOT!

YEAH? TRY
IT!



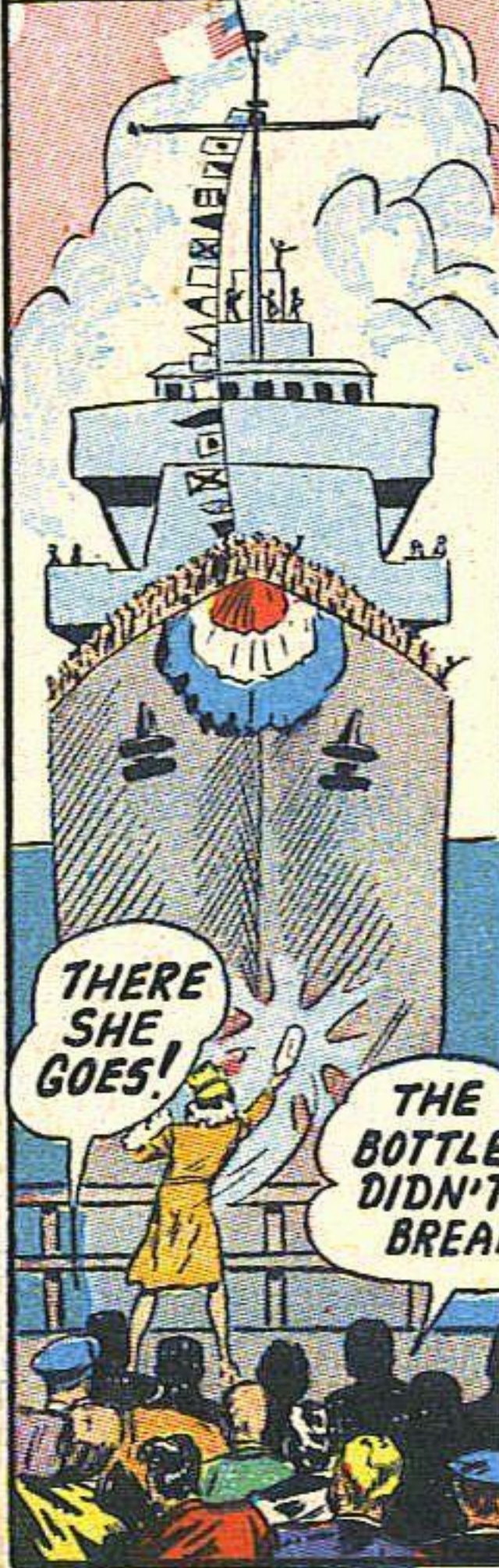
WHILE THE DRIVERS
ARGUE HEATEDLY, A
STRANGE THING
HAPPENS BEHIND THE
GOVERNMENT TRUCK.

SWITCH 'EM-
FAST!

TAKE IT
EASY! THIS
STUFF IS **HOT**-
ONE SLIP AND
BLOOEY!



LATER - AT THE
SHIPYARD...



THERE
SHE
GOES!

THE
BOTTLE
DIDN'T
BREAK!

AS THE SHIP STARTS TO SLIDE DOWN
THE WAYS, AN OFFICIAL GRABS
THE BOTTLE.

I HOPE I
CAN MAKE
IT!



THEN...



WHAT
THE
TORO! GET
ON THAT
CRANE-
HURRY!

RIGHT!

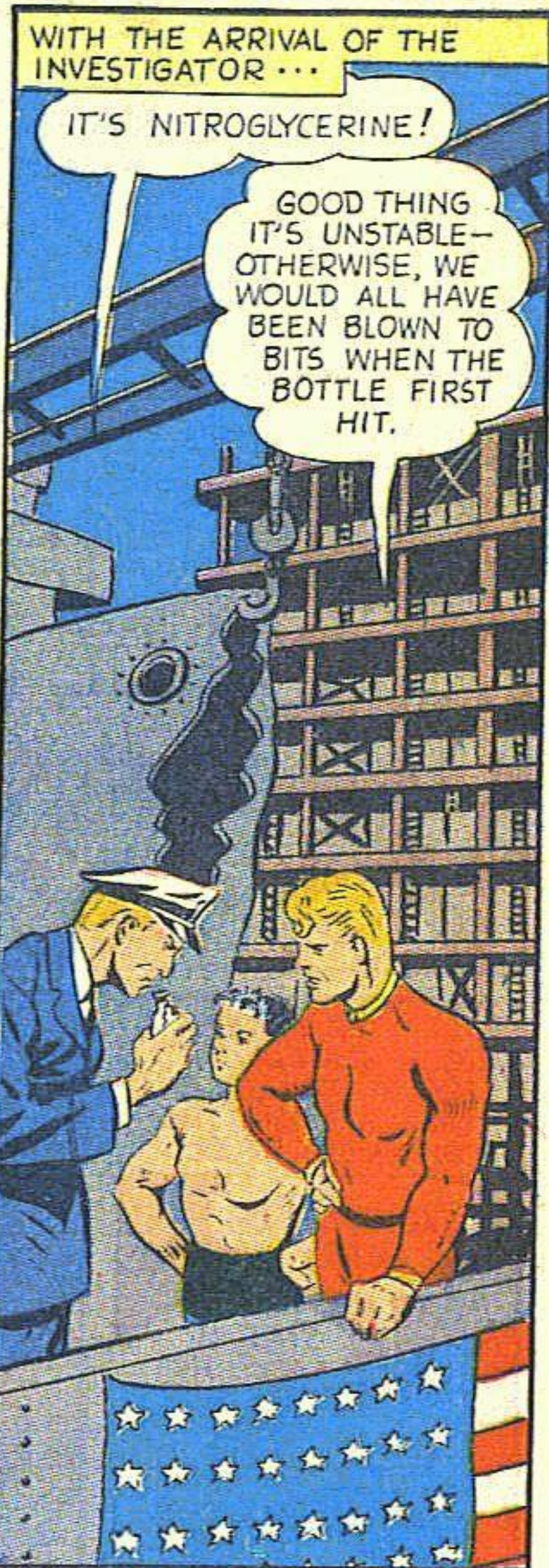


GET THAT CRANE MOVING!
IF THE SHIP HITS THE
WATER, SHE'LL SINK!

**I GET
IT!** YOU GRAB
HER WITH
THE HOOK!



THAT DID IT!
THIS IS ONE WELDING
JOB THAT WON'T
COME UNSTUCK!



WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE
INVESTIGATOR...

IT'S NITROGLYCERINE!

GOOD THING
IT'S UNSTABLE—
OTHERWISE, WE
WOULD ALL HAVE
BEEN BLOWN TO
BITS WHEN THE
BOTTLE FIRST
HIT.



SAY— THERE ARE
A LOT OF SHIPS GOING
OUT— THIS BEING
SHIP BUILDING DAY.
WHAT IF—

YOUR RIGHT—
OVER TO THE
NEXT RAMP—
COME ON!



THE NEXT MOMENT...

**TORCH!— DOWN
THERE! SHE'S
GOING TO SWING
THAT BOTTLE!**

**FOLLOW
ME!** I'M
GOING TO
THROW THE
BOTTLE IN
THE RIVER!

SORRY, LADY, BUT
WE NEED THAT
SHIP— INTO THE
WATER FOR YOU,
MR. BOTTLE!



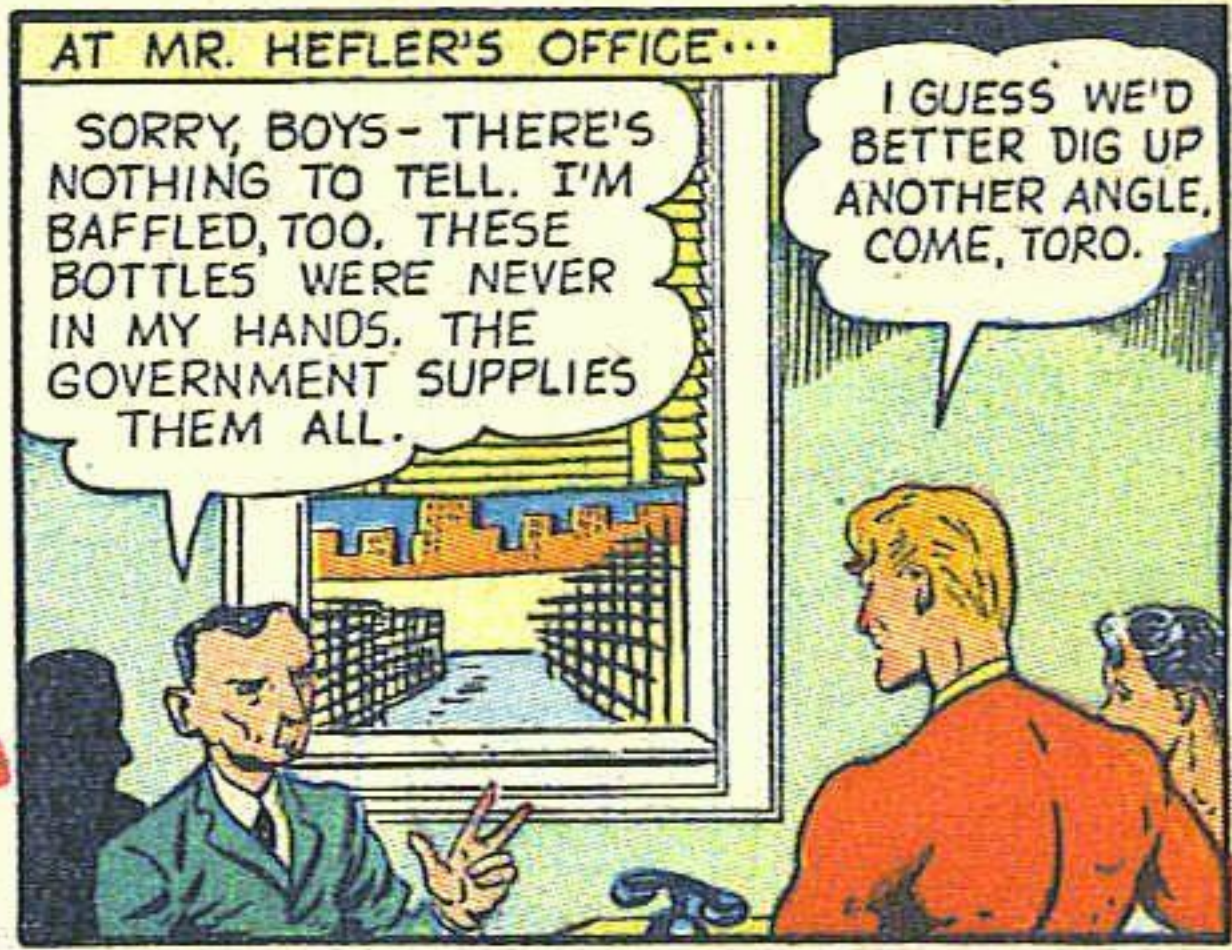
AS THE BOTTLE HITS THE RIVER...





LISTEN! WE'D BETTER VISIT MR. HEFLER, THE MANAGER OF THE YARDS.

YEAH. MAYBE HE CAN GIVE US A LEAD.



AT MR. HEFLER'S OFFICE...

SORRY, BOYS - THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL. I'M BAFFLED, TOO. THESE BOTTLES WERE NEVER IN MY HANDS. THE GOVERNMENT SUPPLIES THEM ALL.

I GUESS WE'D BETTER DIG UP ANOTHER ANGLE. COME, TORO.



YOU KNOW - SOMEHOW, I DON'T LIKE THAT GUY.

HE HAS AN IMPORTANT JOB. HE MUST BE OKAY. BUT I STILL CAN'T SEE HOW THESE BOTTLES WERE SWITCHED.



SUDDENLY-

WHAT—! ON WITH THE FLAME, TORO!

HEY!



TORCH AND TORO
FLAME ON... THE STREAM OF BULLETS MELT AS THEY HIT.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'LL FIND OUT. AFTER 'EM!



THERE THEY GO - STRAIGHT AHEAD!

THAT OLD GAG ABOUT GOING TO A FIRE WILL BE TRUE WHEN THEY MEET US.



THEY ARE GOING INTO THAT BUILDING!

IF THEY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY, THEY'RE NUTS! SHUT OFF YOUR FLAME WHEN WE GO IN OR THE WHOLE PLACE WILL BURN UP!



DESCENDING, THE BOYS FOLLOW THEIR WOULD-BE MURDERERS INTO THE OLD HOUSE...

KINDA DARK IN HERE.

SHH!!! I HEARD SOMETHING.



PUT THOSE ASBESTOS STRAIGHT-JACKETS ON 'EM. HA-HA! WE THOUGHT YOU'D GET HOT-HEADED ENOUGH TO FOLLOW THAT CAR. SEE WHAT HAPPENED?

I DON'T GET YOUR ANGLE, CHUM.



TORCH'S MIND CONCEIVES A PLAN!

TORO! WIGGLE OVER HERE AND TRY TO UNTIE THESE BONDS WITH YOUR TEETH.



... AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE LIGHTS FLASH ON!

YOU DID HEAR SOMETHING!!! NOW STAY PUT, OR YOU'LL GET A BATH OF FOAMITE.

FLAME ON TORO.. AND SEE WHAT THEY DO!

ULP! WHAT'LL WE DO?



SINCE YOU SPOILED OUR "BOTTLE" PLAN, WE'RE GOING TO WIPE OUT THOSE SHIPS ANOTHER WAY. JOE, TURN ON THE RADIO, SO THEY CAN GET A GOOD DESCRIPTION. WE'LL POLISH YOU OFF WHEN WE RETURN.

LISTEN CAREFULLY! THEN THINK WHAT FOOLS YOU WERE TO COMBAT US!



I'D LIKE TO TAKE A POKE AT THAT PUNK!

SO WOULD I!



TORO DOES AS DIRECTED AND, IN A FEW MINUTES...

THERE THEY ARE! NOW GET ME OUT.

LISTEN - THE RADIO!

... AND DOWN THE WAYS GOES THE LARGEST OF THE SHIPS! IN A FEW MINUTES, THE OTHERS WILL FOLLOW.

LET'S GO! THEY'LL BE PULLING A FAST ONE ANY MINUTE NOW!

CLEAR THE ROAD! I'M A FAST EXPRESS!

SHIPYARDS DEAD AHEAD- AND THE SHIPS ARE IN THE RIVER.

WONDER HOW THEY'LL WORK IT.

TORCH- LOOK! AN EMPTY SPEEDBOAT HEADING FOR THAT BATTLEWAGON!

I GET IT! A REMOTE CONTROL RADIO-OPERATED CRAFT, LOADED WITH T.N.T.! WELL... I HAVE A WAY OF MY OWN...

TORCH WHIPS OUT A FIRE-BALL AND LETS IT FLY AT THE SPEED-BOAT.

IT'S SWERVING INTO THE PIER!

SOME EXPLOSION! AND I THINK I KNOW JUST WHERE IT CAME FROM. STICK WITH ME, TORO- WE'RE GOING TO VISIT SOME RATS!

LET'S DO IT QUICK! I THINK I SEE SOME MORE OF THOSE BOATS COMING UP THE RIVER.

BANG!

THE GREAT WHITE WAY

HYDE-BALLORY 55.



HEAD FOR THAT WINDOW - AND DON'T SPARE THE GLASS!

SAY - THAT'S THE CALBIN BUILDING - AND THAT OFFICE BELONGS TO -



- HEFLER.

RIGHT, THAT'S THE RAT WE'RE AFTER!

THE FIREMEN! YOU...



YOU DON'T WANT THAT GUN, PAL!

I'M TOO MAD TO USE MY FLAME!

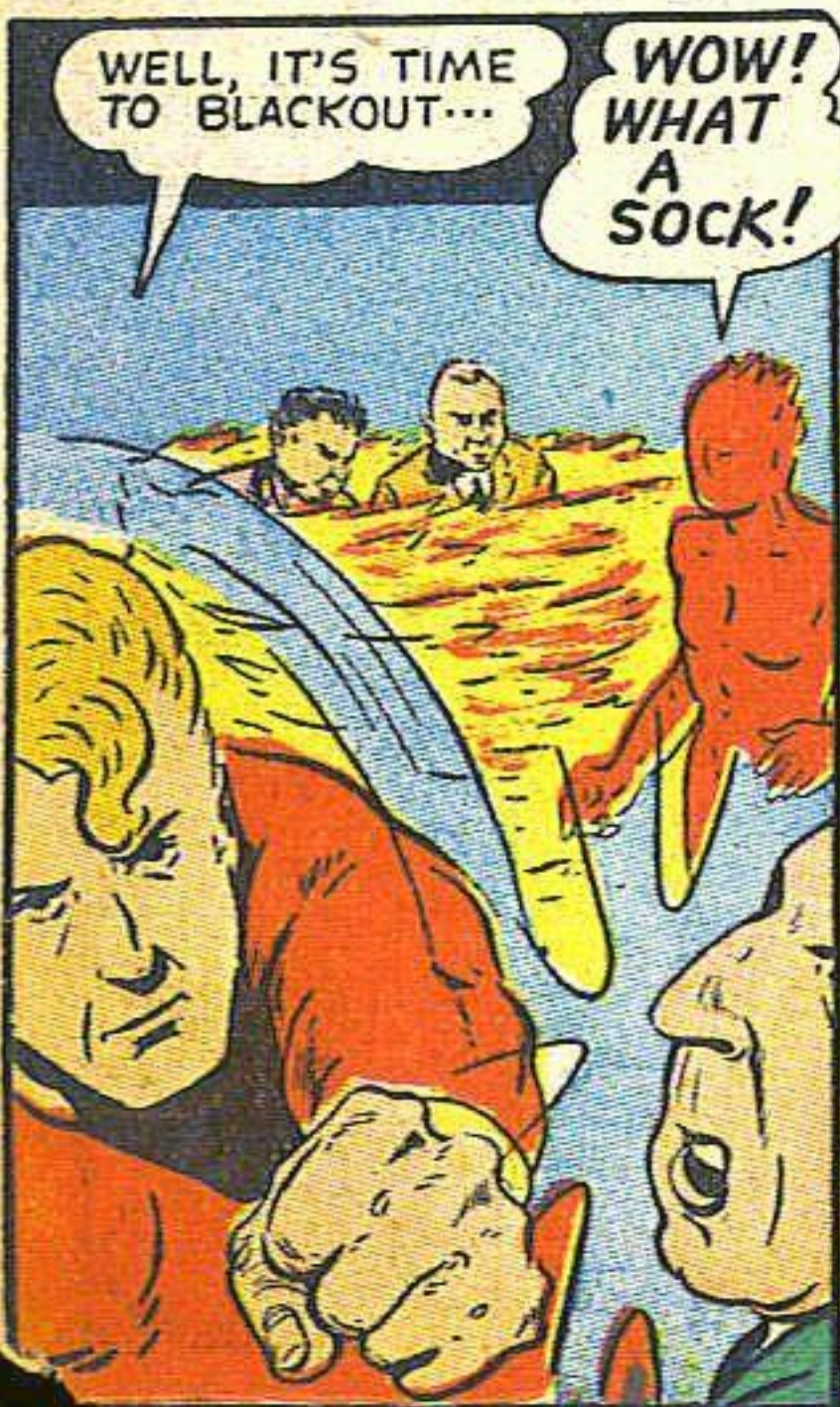
OWW! MY HAND!



WHILE TORO HOLDS THE OTHERS WITH A ROPE OF OF FIRE, TORCH WORKS ON HEFLER, THE LEADER.

SO, YOU NAZI RATS HAVE BEEN PREPARING A LONG TIME FOR THIS DAY, EH?

UGH - STOP! HELP!



WELL, IT'S TIME TO BLACKOUT...

WOW! WHAT A SOCK!



HEAVY FISTS BEAT AGAINST THE DOOR!

COME IN BOYS! NICE PARTY WE'RE HAVING!!!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

SO, WHEN I REALIZED THAT THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE OVERLOOKING THE RIVER, FROM WHICH THOSE SPEEDBOATS COULD BE DIRECTED, I KNEW WHO WAS BEHIND ALL THIS.

VERY NEAT. COME ON, YOU!



MYSTERY ACTION
• THRILLS •
EVERY MONTH
WITH **HUMAN TORCH**
IN MARVEL COMICS 7

CAPTAIN AMERICA

**BATTLING
THE
DEADLY**

**S
N
A
P
P
E
R**



AERICAN TROOPS, IN TRAINING IN THE BAYOU REGION OF LOUISIANA, PASS BY SHUDDERY SWAMP SINISTER! A PALL OF GLOOM AND THREAT HANGS OVER THE STEAMY, FOG-RIDDEN TANGLES OF TWISTED GROWTH!

THAT PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

I WOULDN'T GO IN THERE ALONE ON A BET!

THEY PASS A CHAIN-GANG, VICIOUS, DEPRAVED SOULS PAYING THEIR DEBT TO SOCIETY ---

GET THAT DITCH FILLED IN AND PUT A MOVE ON!

OUR FRIENDS, PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES, BRING UP THE REAR---

GOLLY, STEVE! SOME MEAN-LOOKIN' HOMBRES IN THAT GANG!

KILLERS! EVERY ONE OF THEM!

AND WITH OUR HEROES, YOU CAN USUALLY FIND THEIR PAL, SERGEANT DUFFY---

WHADDYA THINK YER ON, YOU TWO--A SIGHT-SEEIN' TOUR? YER WAY BEHIND THE REST! WAIT'LL I GET YOU BACK IN CAMP, JUST WAIT!

WE CAN HARDLY WAIT!

SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE CHAINED CRIMINALS MAKES A BREAK FOR LIBERTY, KICKING AWAY HIS RUSTED CLAMP!

FREE! I KNEW IF I STOOD IN THE MUD AND WATER LONG ENOUGH, THE IRON WOULD RUST AWAY!

BUT LUCK IS WITH THE KILLER, AND FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD ---

HUH?

OUTTA TH'WAY!

HEY, WHAT TH--???

KILLER BANE GOT LOOSE!

BRING HIM DOWN!

SPLASH!

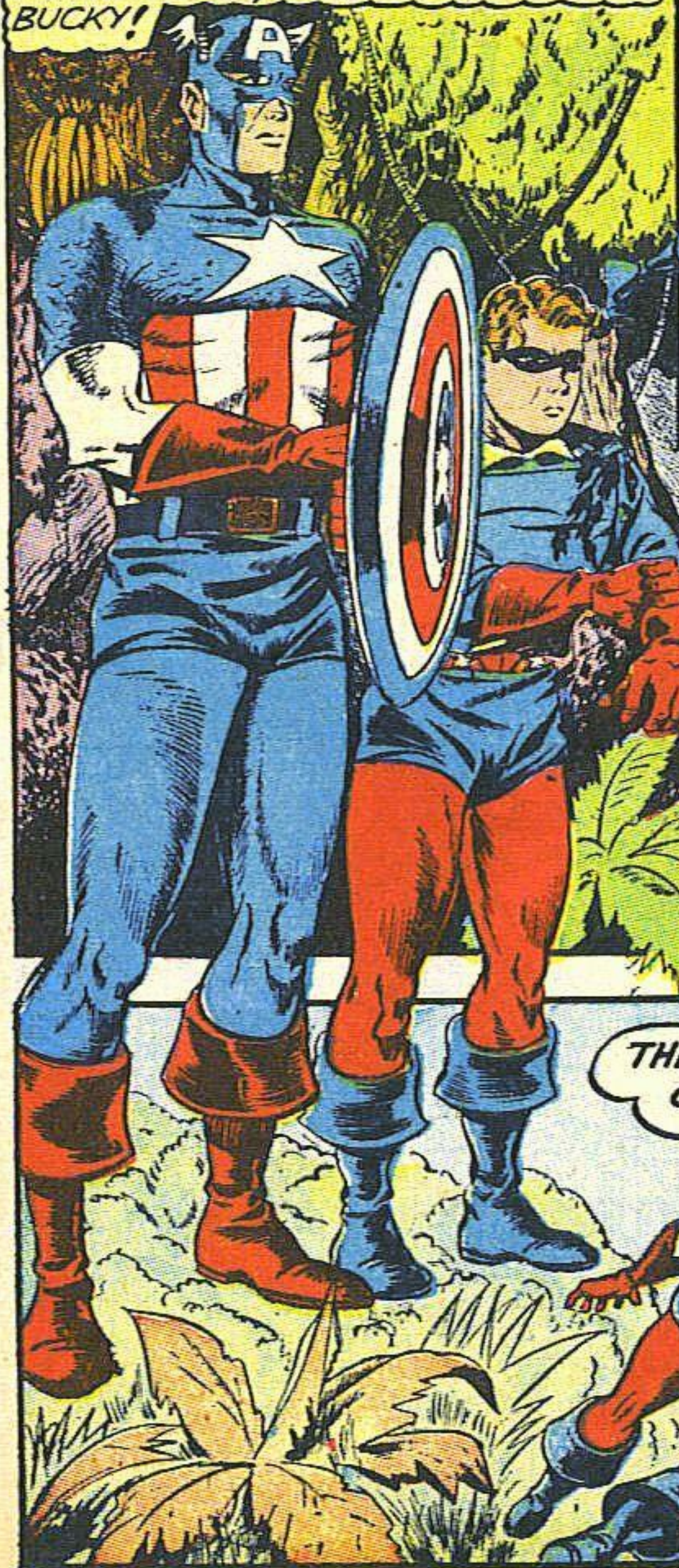


BLUB! GLUB!
STOP HIM!
HE CAN'T DO
THIS TA
ME!

AS SERGEANT DUFFY BERATES
THE FLEEING CONVICT, STEVE
ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES CONCEAL
THEMSELVES AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.
AND SECONDS LATER---



STAND REVEALED AS AMERICA'S GREATEST
FIGHTING PAIR, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND
BUCKY!



STOP HIM-!
YOWP!

HA, HA!

WE'LL STOP HIM, BUT
GET OUT OF OUR WAY!



THEY
CAN'T
DO
THIS
TA ME!



THERE HE GOES,
CAP!

HE ISN'T AS FAR AHEAD
AS I THOUGHT HE'D BE!
GUESS HE'S GETTING WINDED!



CAPTAIN AMERICA SWIFTLY OVERTAKES THE DESPERATELY FLEEING CRIMINAL...

ATTA BOY, CAP!
YOU GOT HIM!



BUT BUCKY'S WORDS ARE PREMATURE, FOR THE KILLER STRIKES BACK!

CAPTAIN AMERICA, EH?
WELL EVEN YOU AIN'T GONNA
STOP KILLER BANE! I'VE
BEEN PLANNIN'
THIS ESCAPE
FOR YEARS!



CAPTAIN AMERICA... GASP... RIGHT AFTER
ME! WOT'LL I DO... GASP... I CAN'T
SHAKE HIM!



WHA...
WHAT'S
THAT!



PSST!
PSST!
THIS WAY...
INTO THE
SWAMP!

FOLLOWING THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE, KILLER BANE PLUNGES INTO SWAMP SINISTER!

FOLLOW!
TRUST
ME!

WHO ARE YA?
WHERE YA
LEADIN'
ME?



CAPTAIN AMERICA HESITATES AT THE SWAMP'S EDGE, FOR THE SOUL OF THE BRAVEST MAN MUST SHUDDER AT ITS MURKY DEPTHS!

NO USE STANDING HERE, BUCKY,
I'M GOING IN!

GOSH, CAP!
I DON'T KNOW..



BUT BEFORE CAPTAIN AMERICA CAN ENTER, THE CHAIN-GANG GUARDS ARRIVE, WITH HOUNDS ON THE LEASH...

WAIT, CAPTAIN! EVEN YOU CAN'T TACKLE THAT SWAMP ALONE!

BUT KILLER BANE'S GETTING AWAY!

NO HE WON'T! THESE DOGS WILL TRACK HIM DOWN! LET'S GO!

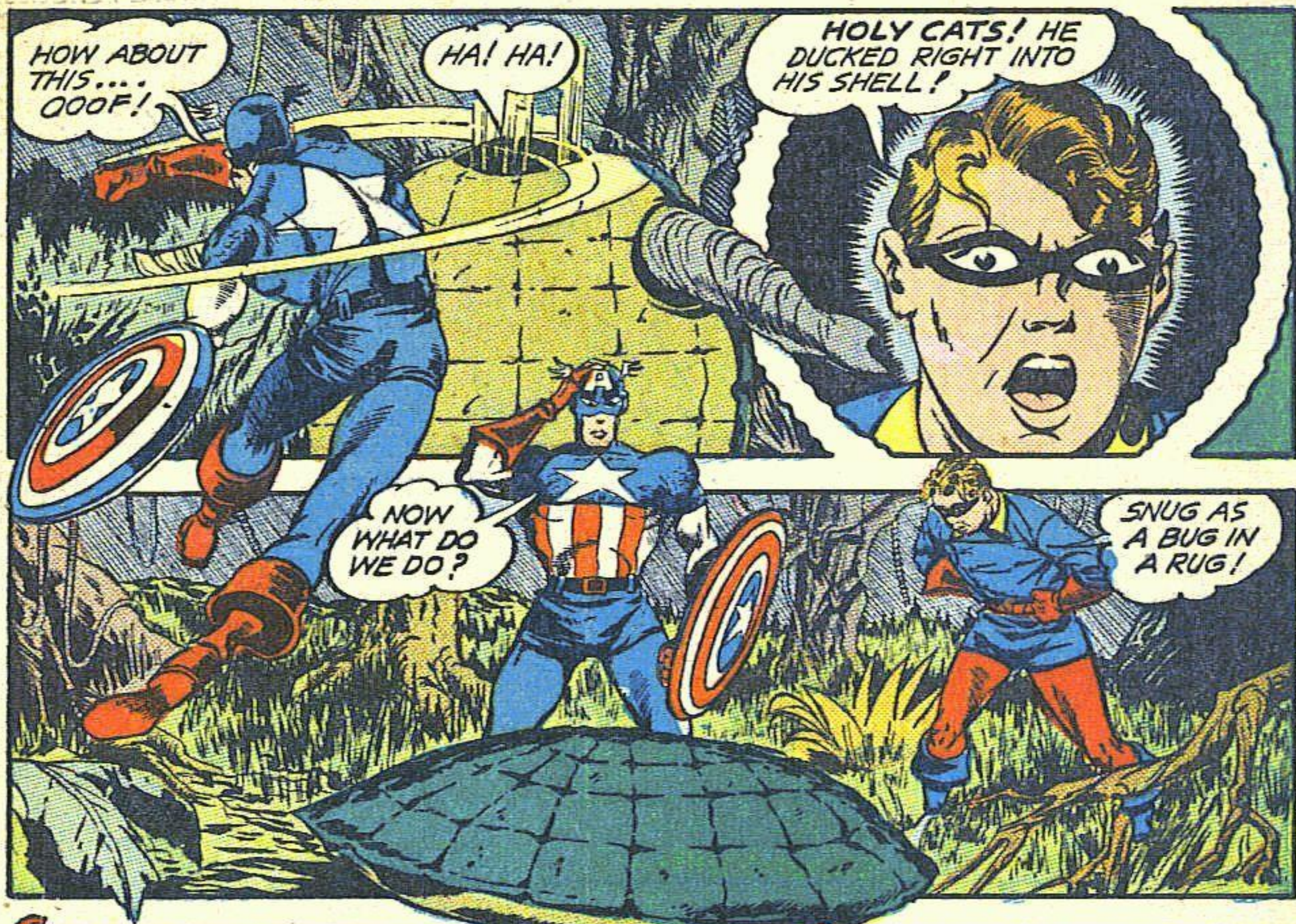
SUDDENLY, BUCKY SPOTS THE KILLER!

THERE HE GOES! AROUND THOSE TREES STRAIGHT AHEAD!

BUT THEN... OUT OF THE WRITHING MISTS, THERE APPEARS A STRANGE DENIZEN OF THE DISMAL SWAMP, STRIKING HORROR IN THEIR HEARTS!

HALT! INTRUDERS!
THE MAN YOU SEEK IS NOW UNDER MY PROTECTION!
I AM THE TURTLE-MAN!
SWAMP SINISTER IS MY ABODE! GO BACK... WHILE YOU ARE YET ALIVE!





HOW ABOUT THIS... QOOF!

HA! HA!

HOLY CATS! HE DUCKED RIGHT INTO HIS SHELL!

NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG!

SUDDENLY, WHILE OFF GUARD...

HA! HA! ANOTHER TRICK YOU'RE NOT EXPECTING!

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE THROWN OFF THEIR FEET, AS THE TURTLE MAN SCUTTLES OFF...

TRICKED LIKE KIDS! WHERE'D HE GO?

GOSH KNOWS! GAVE US THE SLIP!

SOMEWHERE IN THE SWAMP, TURTLE MAN HAS A HIDE-OUT! HE HARBORS ESCAPED CRIMINALS THERE... THAT'S CERTAIN! BUT WE LOST THE TRAIL... WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP NOW!

HOPE WE CAN SNEAK PAST SARGE DUFFY!



A HOPE TOO FOND!

OH! OH!

ULP!

SO, YOU TWO FINALLY DECIDED TO COME BACK! WOULDN'T HELP ME OUTA THE MUD, WOULD YA? RAN OFF AND LET ME GET KNOCKED IN TWICE!

I'M GONNA BE EASY ON YA! JUST WASH MY UNIFORM SPICK AND SPAN!



OH WELL, IT WAS FUNNY WHEN DUFFY FELL IN THE DITCH ANYWAY!

YEAH, BUT TH' FUN'S OVER!

BUT LET US PASS FROM THIS SCENE OF LIGHTNESS TO A FAR DIFFERENT ONE! DEEP WITHIN SWAMP SINISTER, KILLER BANE IS LED BY HIS RESCUER TO A LONELY, BROODING SPOT!

...AND NOW, KILLER BANE, YOU'LL MEET THE OTHERS! I'VE RESCUED DOZENS LIKE YOU IN THE PAST YEAR! COME OUT, MEN! MEET TH' NEW RECRUIT!

AND OUT FROM THE TREE'S STEPS A MOTLEY HORDE OF HUNTED MEN, ALL BEYOND THE PALE OF THE LAW!



THE WORLD'S WORST CUT-THROATS AND BANDITS... EVERY ONE WITH A PRICE ON HIS HEAD... AND ALL AT MY BECK AND CALL, HEH, HEH HEH!

AS NIGHT FALLS, THE MONSTER MAN OF SINISTER SWAMP OUTLINES A HIDEOUS PLAN...



WE ARE GOING TO THE MARDI-GRAS TO-NIGHT, MY WORTHIES! THERE WILL BE MUSIC, AND LAUGHTER, AND GAIETY, AND MURDER! HA! HA! HA!

LEAD US TO IT, BOSS!

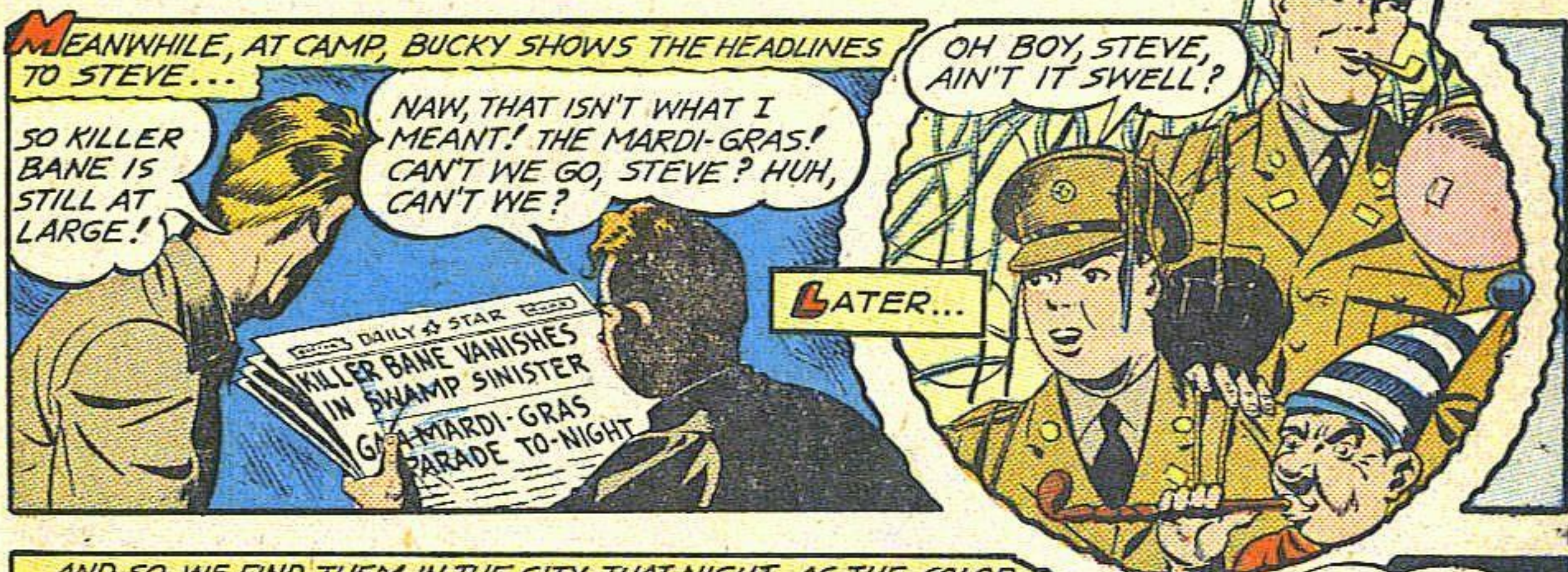
MEANWHILE, AT CAMP, BUCKY SHOWS THE HEADLINES TO STEVE...

SO KILLER BANE IS STILL AT LARGE!

NAW, THAT ISN'T WHAT I MEANT! THE MARDI-GRAS! CAN'T WE GO, STEVE? HUH, CAN'T WE?

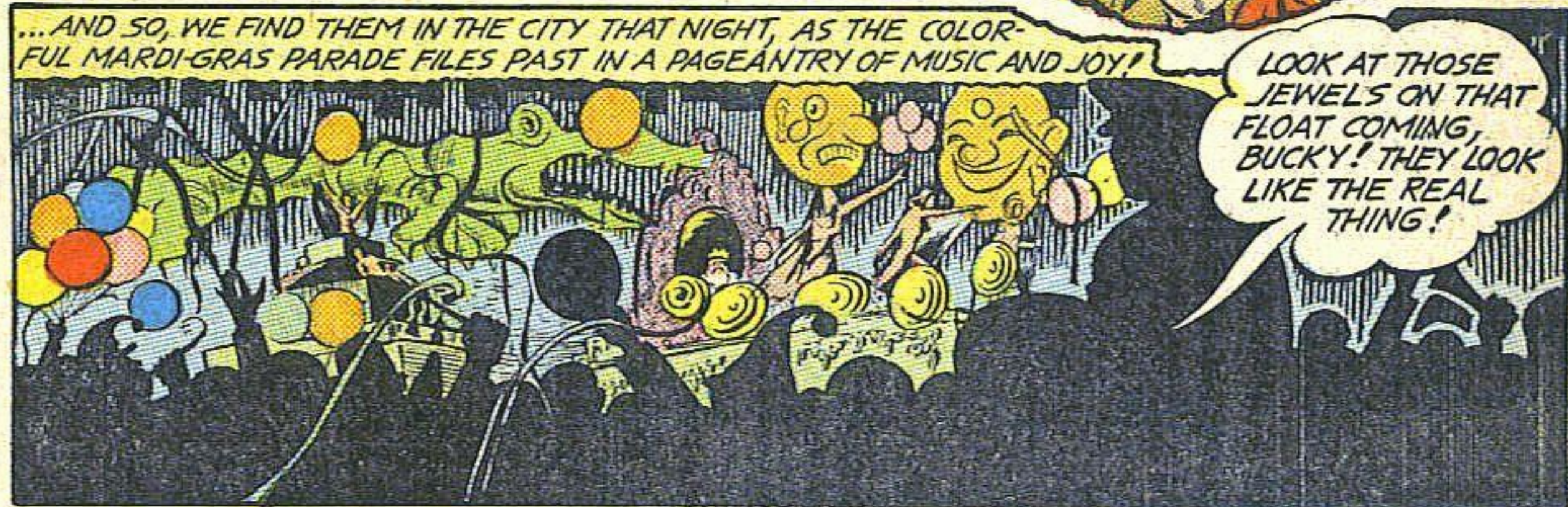
OH BOY, STEVE, AIN'T IT SWELL?

LATER...



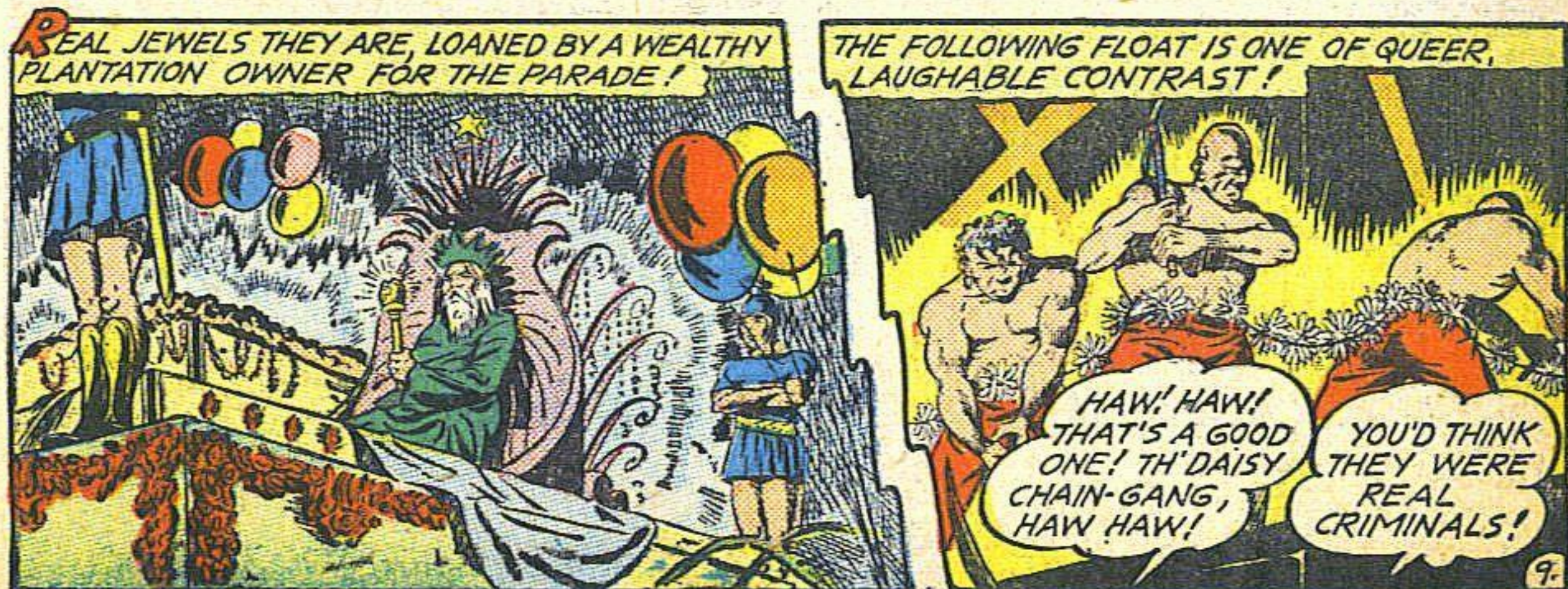
...AND SO, WE FIND THEM IN THE CITY THAT NIGHT, AS THE COLORFUL MARDI-GRAS PARADE FILES PAST IN A PAGEANTRY OF MUSIC AND JOY!

LOOK AT THOSE JEWELS ON THAT FLOAT COMING, BUCKY! THEY LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING!



REAL JEWELS THEY ARE, LOANED BY A WEALTHY PLANTATION OWNER FOR THE PARADE!

THE FOLLOWING FLOAT IS ONE OF QUEER, LAUGHABLE CONTRAST!



HAW! HAW! THAT'S A GOOD ONE! TH'DAISY CHAIN-GANG, HAW HAW!

YOU'D THINK THEY WERE REAL CRIMINALS!

BUT THE DESPERADOES ARE NOT FAKES, ANYMORE THAN THE JEWELS! AND SUDDENLY FROM A HIDING PLACE ON THE FLOAT, TURTLE-MAN LEAPS OUT!

WE ARE THE REAL THING! OKAY, MEN, BOARD THAT NEXT FLOAT AND TAKE THE JEWELS!

... AND THE CROWD IS HORRIFIED AS THE MERRY-MAKING TURNS TO SUDDEN TRAGEDY! LIKE PIRATES OF OLD, THE SWAMP KILLERS LEAP TO THE NEXT FLOAT... LUSTING FOR JEWELS, LUSTING TO KILL, LUSTING TO STRIKE BACK AT THE SOCIETY THAT HAS EXILED THEM!

TAKE EVERYTHING AND KILL! KILL! KILL!

C'MON, BUCKY! CHANGE IN A HURRY! IT'S TURTLE-MAN... AND A GANG!

YAHOO!



CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY LEAP ABOARD THE FLOAT OF TRAGEDY, INTENT ON CONQUERING THE MONSTER-MAN WHOSE TRAIL THEY HAVE CROSSED ONCE BEFORE!

KEEP RIGHT BEHIND ME, BUCKY, THEY'RE ARMED TO THE TEETH!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CONCENTRATE ON HIM! BLAST HIM DOWN!

BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA'S MIGHTY SHIELD IS PROTECTION AGAINST THE MURDEROUS ASSORTMENT OF MAYHEM THAT FLIES THEIR WAY!

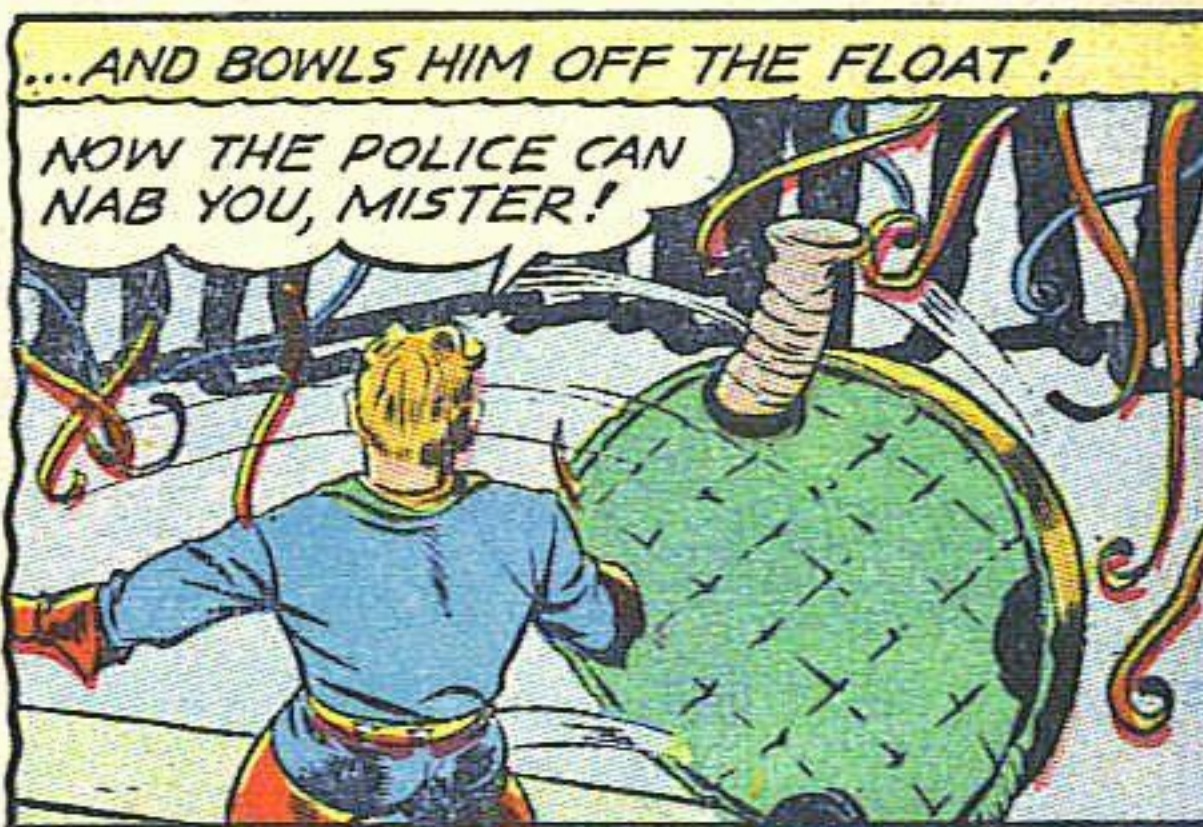


DOWN IN THE GUTTER WHERE YOU BELONG!

BUCKY POUNCES UPON TURTLE-MAN...

I'LL RETIRE INTO MY SHELL AND... WHA....!

OH NO YOU DON'T!



...AND BOWLS HIM OFF THE FLOAT!

NOW THE POLICE CAN NAB YOU, MISTER!

BUT TURTLE MAN... FORMS A FLYING WEDGE WITH HIS CUT-THROAT-CREW AND THEY SMASH THROUGH THE CROWD!

WE'VE GOT THE LOOT! C'MON TO THE WATERFRONT!



AT THE WATERFRONT, THE GANG HASTILY MAKES OFF ACROSS THE BAY IN A SAILING VESSEL PREVIOUSLY PLANTED FOR ESCAPE

OKAY, CAP, ALL SET!

THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE BAYOUS...AND THEIR HIDE-OUT!

A ROWBOAT, CAP! THEY WON'T LOSE US!



ONCE AGAIN THE GHASTLY, BROODING PALL OF SWAMP SINISTER FALLS OVER THE COURAGEOUS PAIR AS THEY FOLLOW INTO THE WINDING STREAMS OF THE BAYOU COUNTRY!

WOW, IT'S DARK IN HERE! BUT I SEE THEIR BOAT AHEAD AND IT'S LANDING NOW!



DON'T LOSE THE TRAIL, BUCKY!

WE'RE GAINING ALL THE TIME!



BUT IT IS SOON OBVIOUS THAT THE WILY TURTLE-MAN IS PLACING THE MOST HORRIBLE AND BLOOD CHILLING OBSTACLES OF SWAMP SINISTER IN THEIR PATH!

YEOW! ALLIGATORS!

GRAB A VINE, BUCKY... SWING ACROSS!



THAT DOES IT!

BUT NEXT, A MORE DEADLY PERIL THREATENS!

QUICK-SAND!

GULP!



THE TRAIL SEEMINGLY LOST, THE NON-PLUSSED PAIR SITS DOWN FOR A MOMENT...

WHEW! THAT WAS A NARROW ONE! AND NOW WHAT, CAP? WHERE'S TURTLE-MAN?

CAN'T IMAGINE, BUCKY, SEEMS TO HAVE SLIPPED AWAY ON US!

HEH, HEH, HEH, IF THEY ONLY KNEW THEY ARE SITTING ON ME!

AND TURTLE-MAN JERKS ERRECT, HURLING HIS TWO RELENTLESS ADVERSARIES INTO THE FRIGHTFUL BED OF QUICK-SAND!

HA, HA, HA! TRICKED AGAIN BY THE TURTLE-MAN!

GO AHEAD! STRUGGLE ALL YOU WANT...IT ONLY MAKES YOU SINK FASTER! GOODBYE, CAPTAIN AMERICA, I LEAVE YOU TO DIE!

CAP! IT'S UP TO OUR NECKS!

COURAGE, LAD! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING... I HOPE!

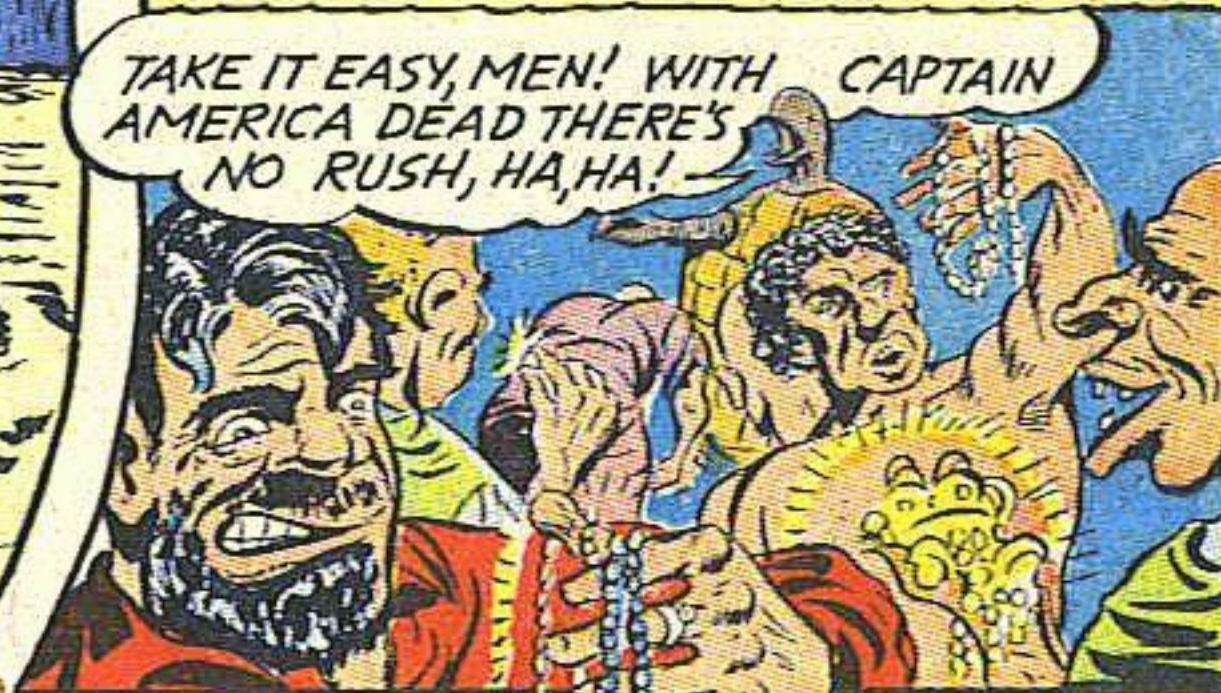
HOLD ON, BUCKY! THERE'S A CHANCE!

IT IS IN MOMENTS SUCH AS THESE THAT THE FULL MENTAL AND PHYSICAL POWERS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA ARE CALLED TO THE FORE... WITH HIS SHIELD, OUR HERO MAKES A DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM... HURLING IT STRAIGHT UP!

THE CUTTING EDGE OF THE SHIELD STRIKES AN OVERHANGING TREE BRANCH, SENDING IT CRASHING DOWN...



MEANWHILE, AT THEIR HIDDEN HIDE-OUT, THE SPOILS OF THE MARDI-GRAS ROBBERY ARE DIVIDED AMONG THE LAWLESS BANDIT GANG...



BUT TWO BRIGHT COLORED FORMS DASH DOWN FROM THE TREE TOPS!



... AND THEN, SWAMP SINISTER RESOUNDS WITH THE HARD THUDS OF FOUR INDOMITABLE FISTS AGAINST YIELDING FLESH!



IN UTTER FRENZY, TURTLE-MAN HURLS BLAZING FIRE-BRANDS FROM THE CAMP-FIRE!

THAT'S YOUR LAST ACT, TURTLE-MAN!

LOOK OUT, CAP!

BECAUSE HERE'S YOUR FINISH!
HIS SHELL'S CRACKING, CAP!

BIEF!

LOOK! HE WASN'T A TURTLE-MAN AT ALL!

WELL, WELL, JUST A HARD SHELL THAT HE HAD BUILT AROUND HIS BODY! A PRETTY CLEVER SCHEME, BUCKY! HE COULDN'T BE HARMED IN THAT COVERING!

AT THAT MOMENT THE CHAIN-GANG POSSE ARRIVES....

CAPTAIN AMERICA! WE HEARD THE NOISE!

...AND LOOK! HE'S CAPTURED ALL THE KILLERS THAT ESCAPED FROM THE CHAIN-GANG IN THE PAST YEAR!

BACK AT CAMP!

TURTLE-MAN HERE, IS ROCKS RICO, ALIAS THE "STRANGLER", HE'S BEEN LOOSE ABOUT TWO YEARS, AND EVIDENTLY WORE THIS RIG BECAUSE OF HIS HIDEOUS FACE WHICH WOULD BE EASILY RECOGNIZABLE!

I'M GONNA SEND YOU TWO NIT-WITS TO TH' CHAIN-GANG, S'HELP ME! WHAT'S THE IDEA USING STARCH ON MY UNIFORM? IT'S SO STIFF I CAN HARDLY MOVE!

SURE, STEVE! I THOUGHT YA ALWAYS USED STARCH WHEN YA WASH CLOTHES!

THE END

"HEAD HUNTERS' STEW"

DIEGO LEAPED backwards. Suddenly, without warning, the jungle had come alive. Poison-tipped arrows spat, from thick foliage. From a green lace curtain of hanging vines, aimed spears thrust. The boy whirled desperately. But his retreat was cut off — he was surrounded.

Darting, squirming, ducking — Diego determined not to be an easy target. But now his attackers grew bolder. Brandishing weapons, they closed in. The boy found himself facing sure death.

But he wouldn't die without a struggle — he wouldn't! Backing to a large tree, he faced his enemies. His only protection was the pocket knife he had been using to cut his path through the tangled green. Defiantly, he held this aloft in his fist as a native sprang forward, yelling.

A shrill piping cut through the tumult. The native stopped short, like a puppet caught up by invisible strings. The spear fell from his hand. The other natives backed away. Their ranks opened to make a path. Silence fell.

Still braced against the tree, Diego's mouth went dry. His hand, holding the pocket knife, was clammy. For the moment, he had, for some mysterious reason, escaped. His knees shook. Wonder and relief filled his eyes.

Then, stepping through the aisle of natives, came a man. Upon his head was a peculiar feathered headdress. A cape of white panther hung back from his shriveled brown figure. In his right hand was a staff topped — Diego shuddered — by a dried monkey's head. He was a repulsive awesome creature — and yet he was smiling!

He was smiling and, apparently, friendly. He nodded to Diego, approached, and his claw-like fingers closed on the boy's sturdy forearm. Diego wanted to shrink from those dry hands, but pride kept him from flinching. They should not see him afraid.

The old man looked pleased. He nodded again, took a beaten silver bracelet from his own scrawny arm and offered it to Diego. The boy

dared not refuse. By some miracle, which he would not now question, enemies had become friends. He was hungry, tired. He had been two whole days in the uncharted wilds of the Amazon country.

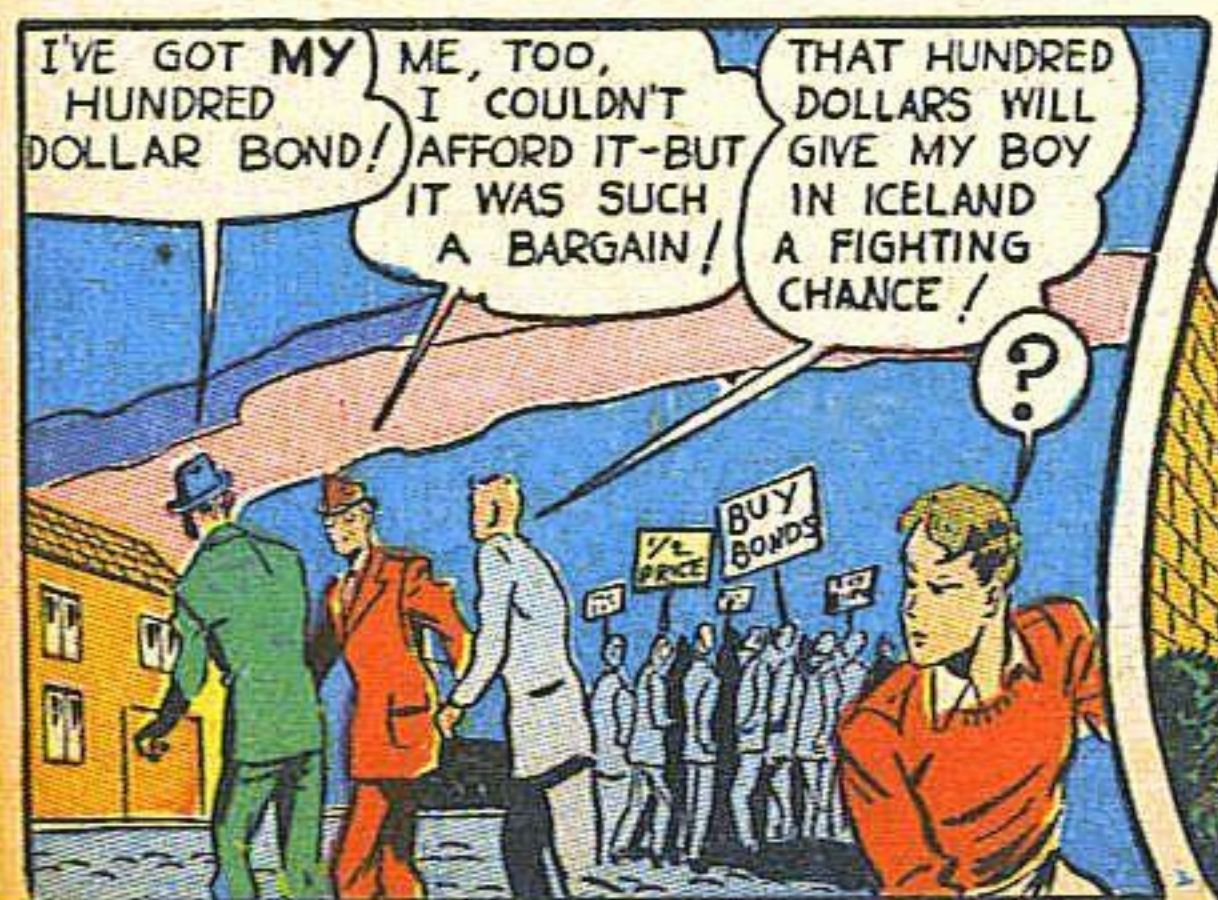
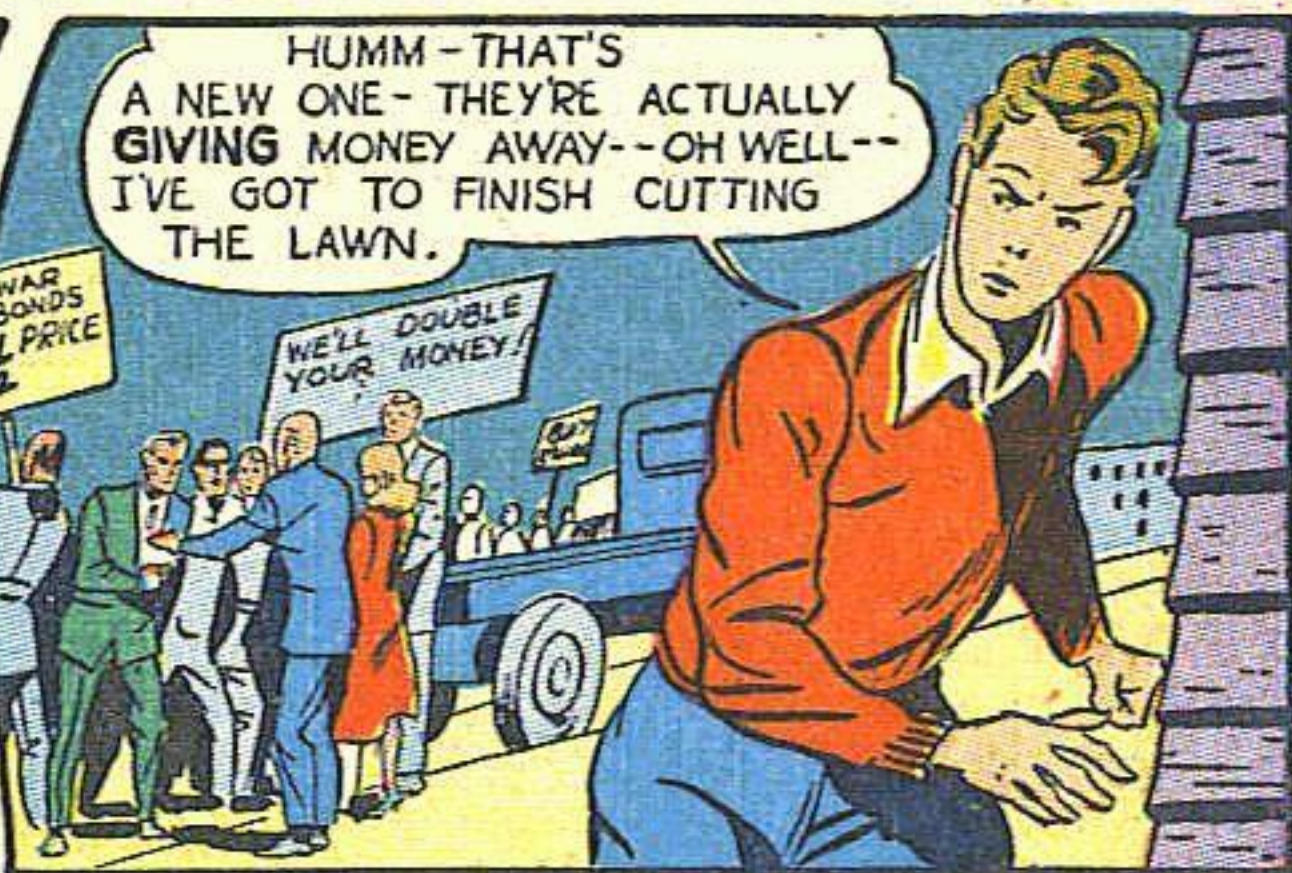
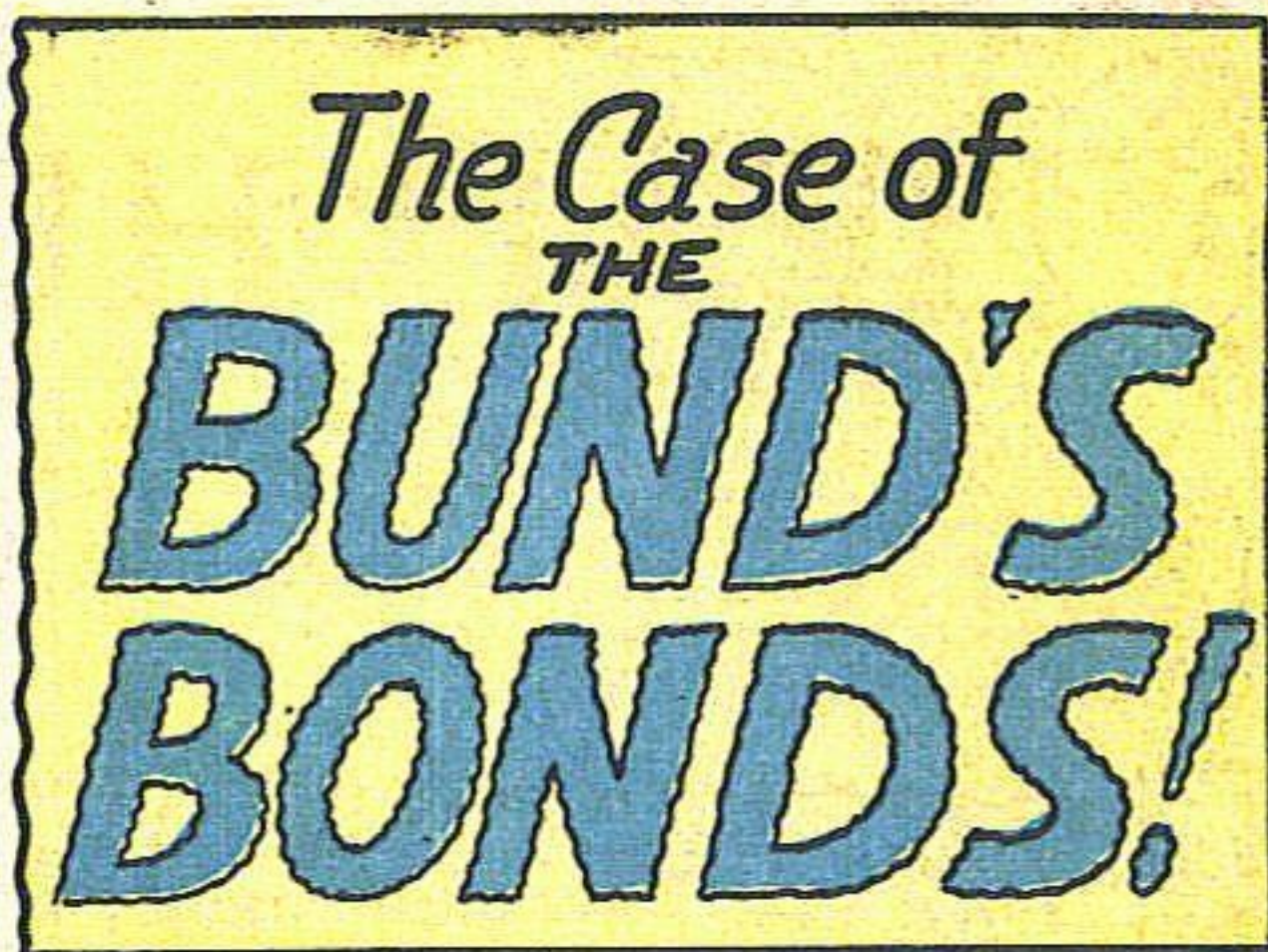
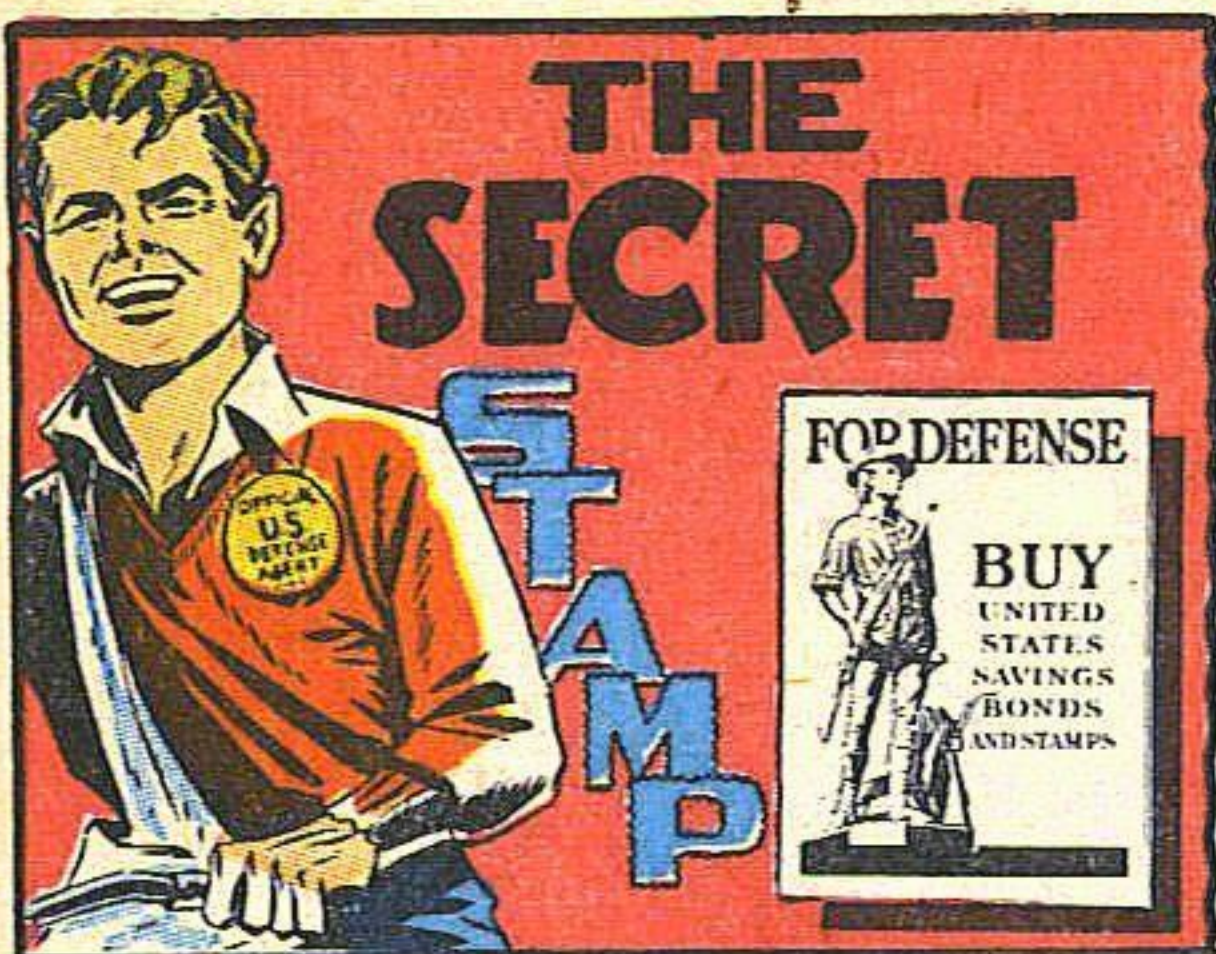
When the old man signed him to follow, he obeyed. The village they came to was a cluster of grass-thatched huts beside a slimy stream. Native children and women hurried to meet the returned warriors. At first they stared at Diego; then, after a few words from the old man, began to laugh and shout. They appeared overjoyed to see him. Diego began to feel easier. Now and again, too, from previous experience with jungle tribes, he could catch a word and guess its meaning. But he himself did not speak.

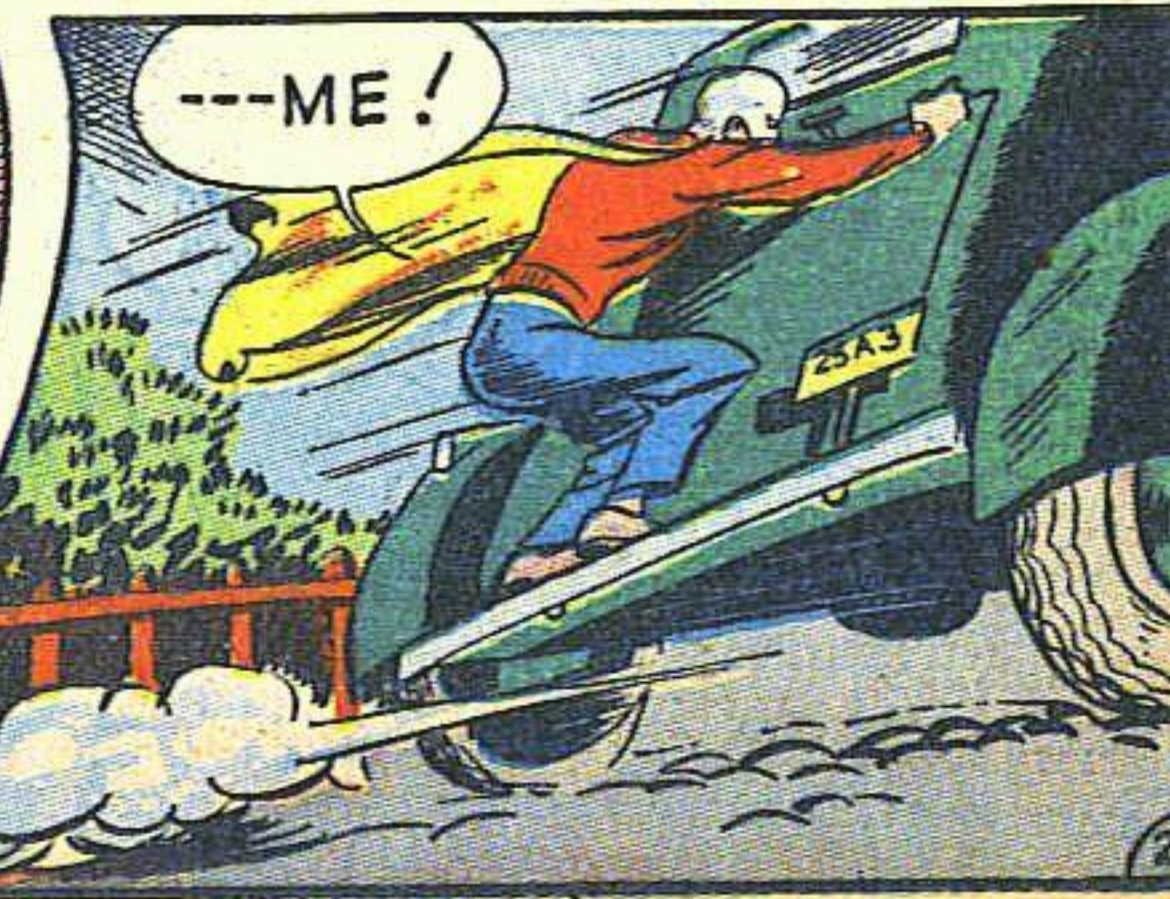
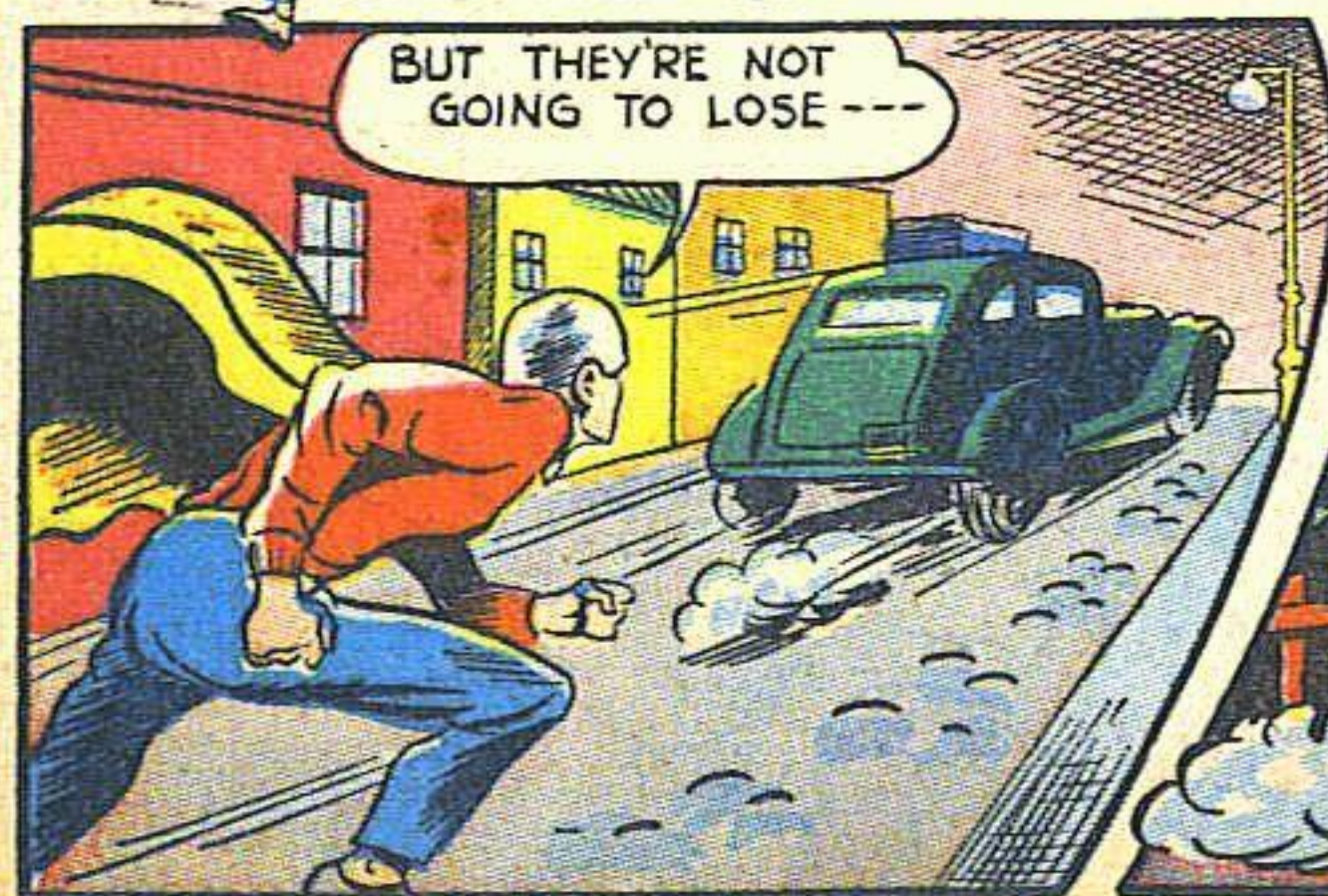
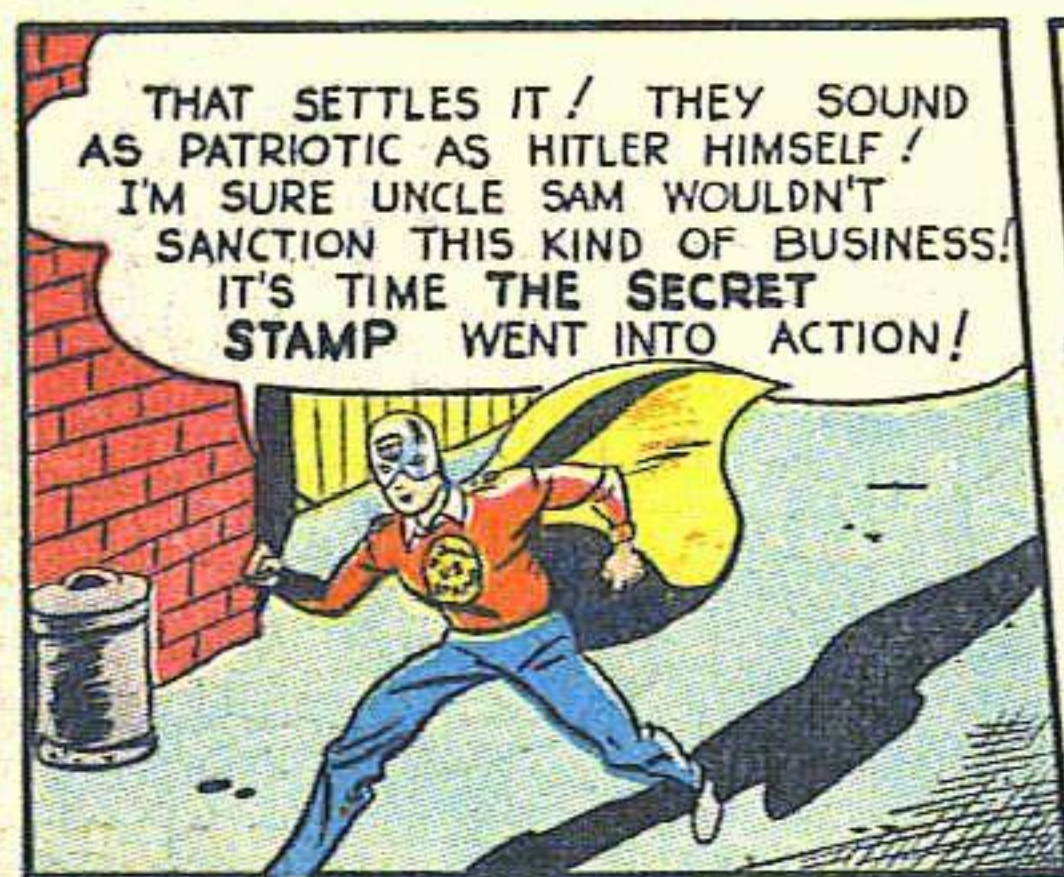
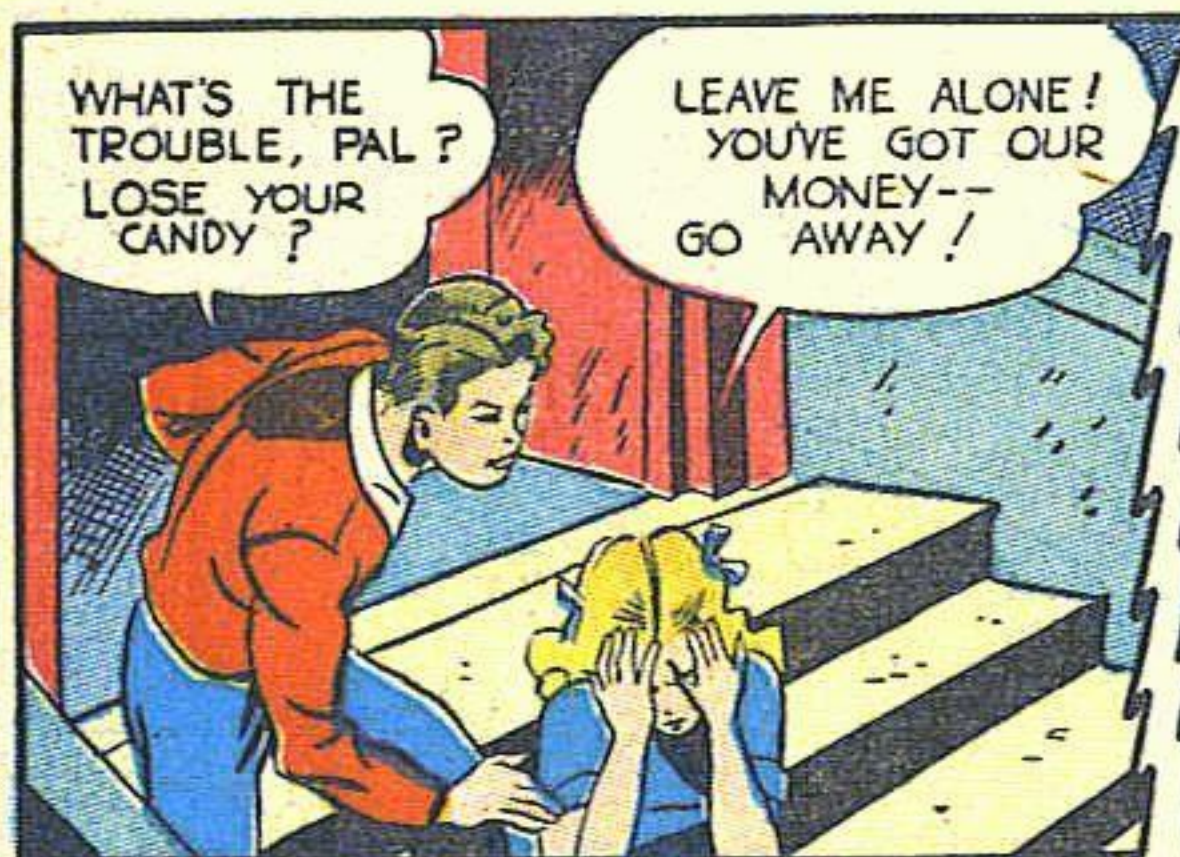
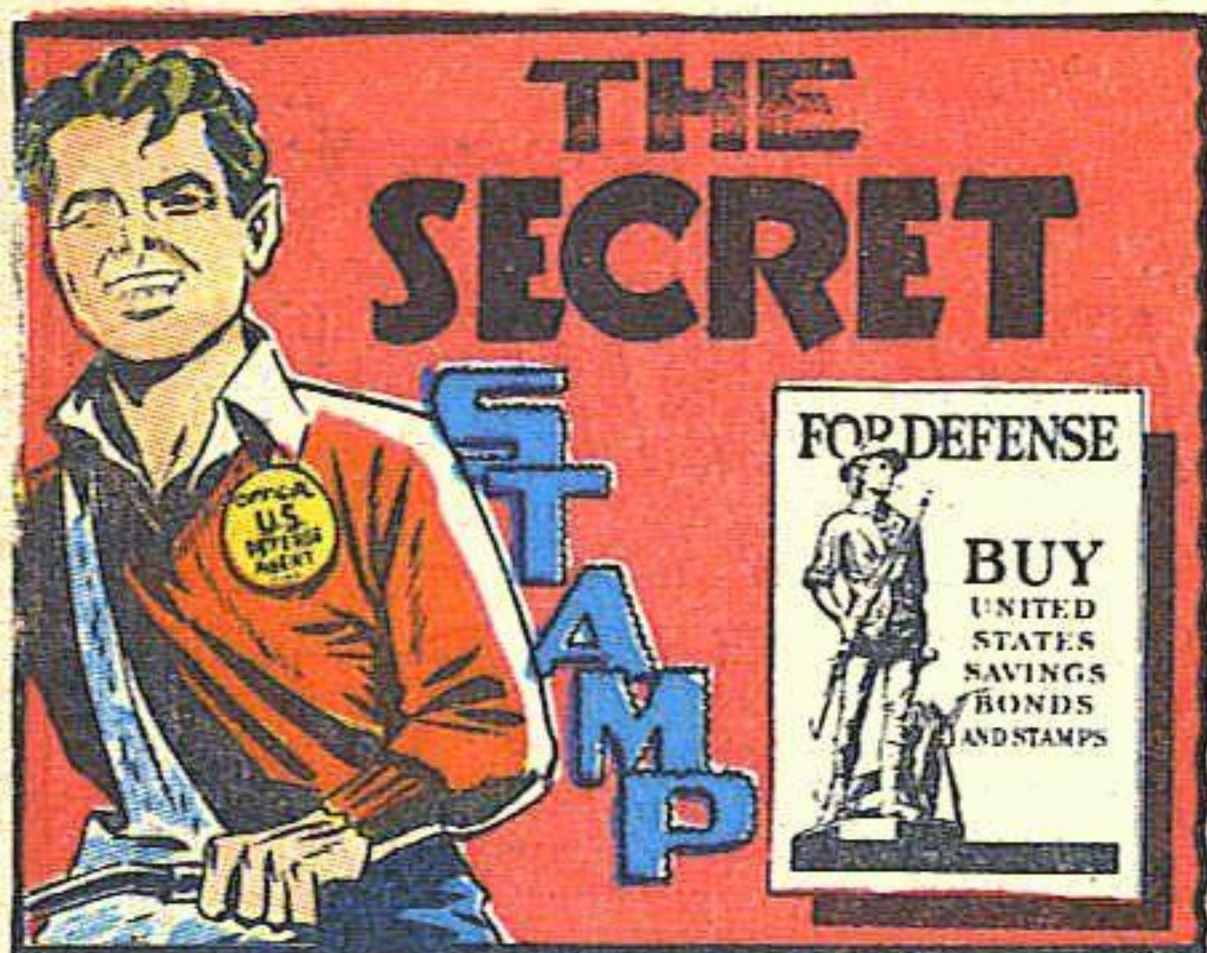
The food they offered he tasted cautiously. Hungry though he was, he did not want to be poisoned. Yet it tasted good and, forgetting fear, he ate ravenously. His host, whom Diego nicknamed Monk, kept urging him to eat more and more. One by one, all the villagers passed by where he sat, giggling and staring intently. A few reached out curiously to feel of his arms or legs. But when he smiled back at them, or made friendly gestures, some of them backed away in surprise. Others laughed hysterically, as if for some reason his overtures were very funny.

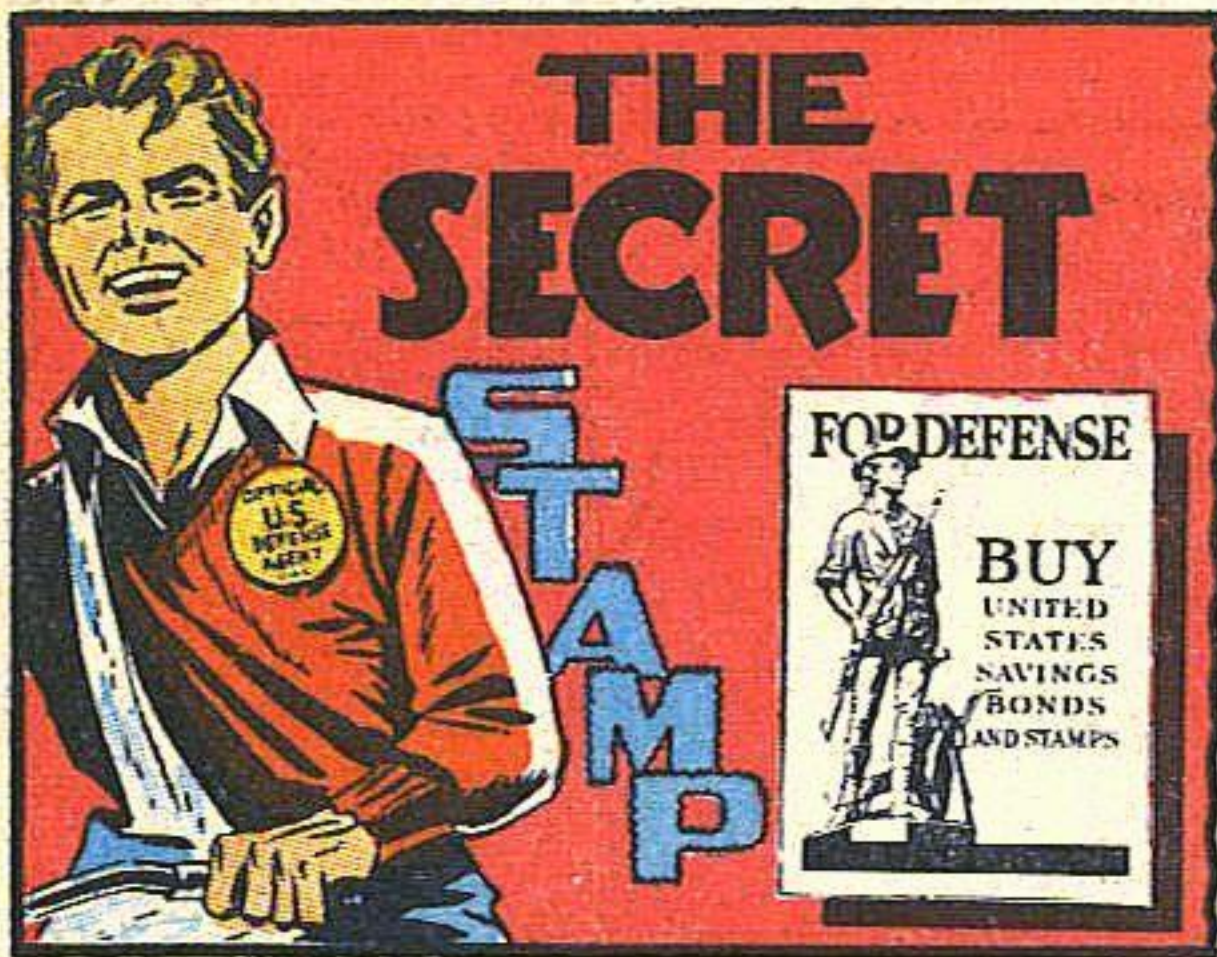
No attempt was made to bind him. Diego wandered about the village freely, but somehow he did not feel free. Always, wherever he went, old Monk's slanted eyes followed him. Sitting in the shade of a twisted tropical tree, Diego pretended to grow drowsy and closed his eyes, as if asleep. He could feel, rather than see, the natives gather around him. And it was then he heard the words which every white man, familiar with the South American jungle, fears. With difficulty, he kept his eyes shut, though his limbs tensed. These people were head-hunters! Cannibals! Tomorrow they meant to kill him, and one other.

Diego, stretching, pretended to awaken then. He managed to smile. They scattered. Only Monk remained. It was getting on toward night. He

CONTINUED ON INSIDE OF BACK COVER





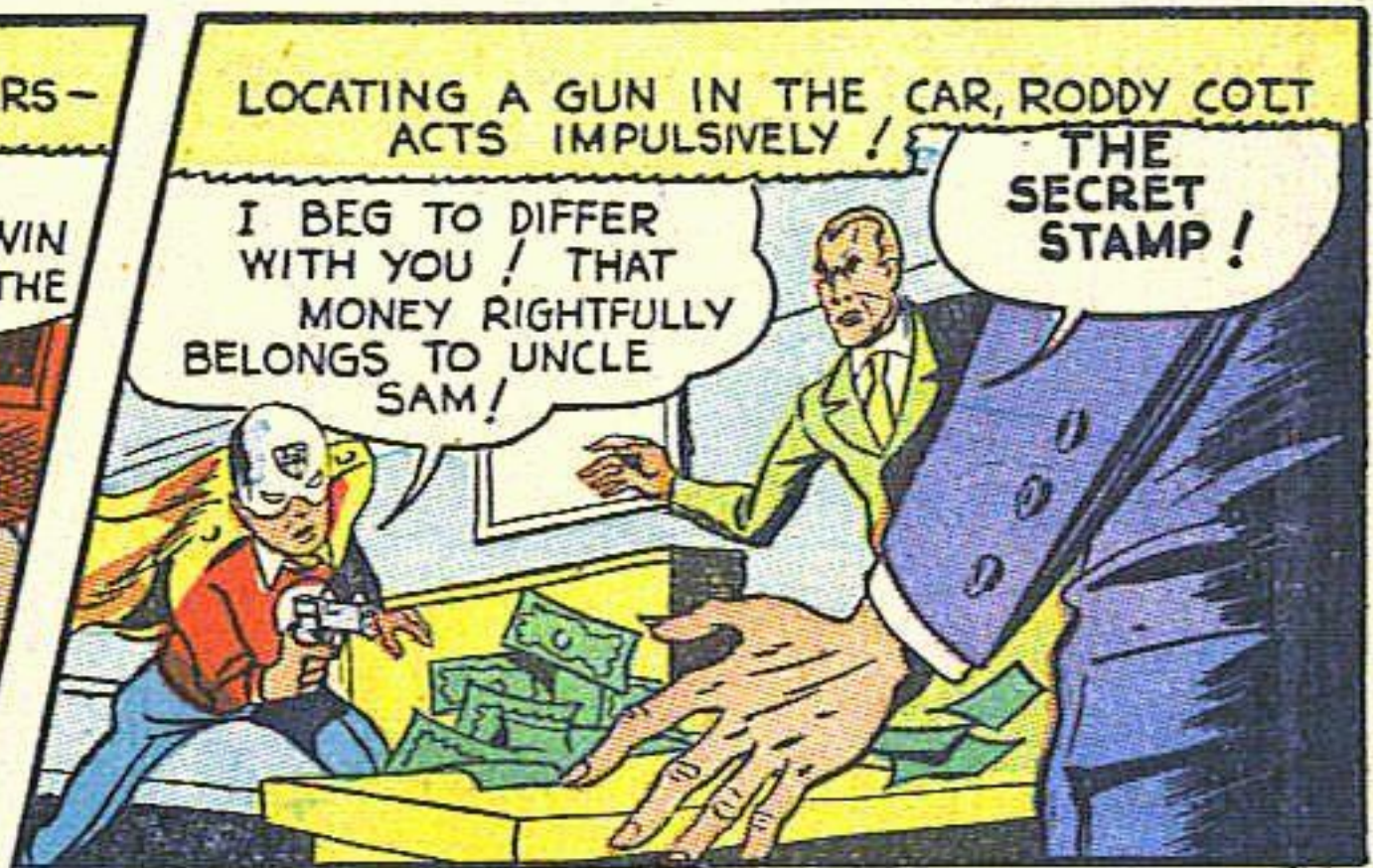


AFTER A FIVE MILE RIDE THE SECRET STAMP SEES THEIR DESTINATION!

UH-OH THE GRAVES MANSION--- BEEN BOARDED UP FOR YEARS! THESE GUYS ARE ACTING MORE LIKE CRIMINALS EVERY MINUTE! I'D BETTER DUCK!



THEY'RE ALL INSIDE NOW / I GUESS IT'S SAFE FOR ME TO-- HOLY SMOKES!



LOCATING A GUN IN THE CAR, RODDY COTT ACTS IMPULSIVELY!

I BEG TO DIFFER WITH YOU! THAT MONEY RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO UNCLE SAM!

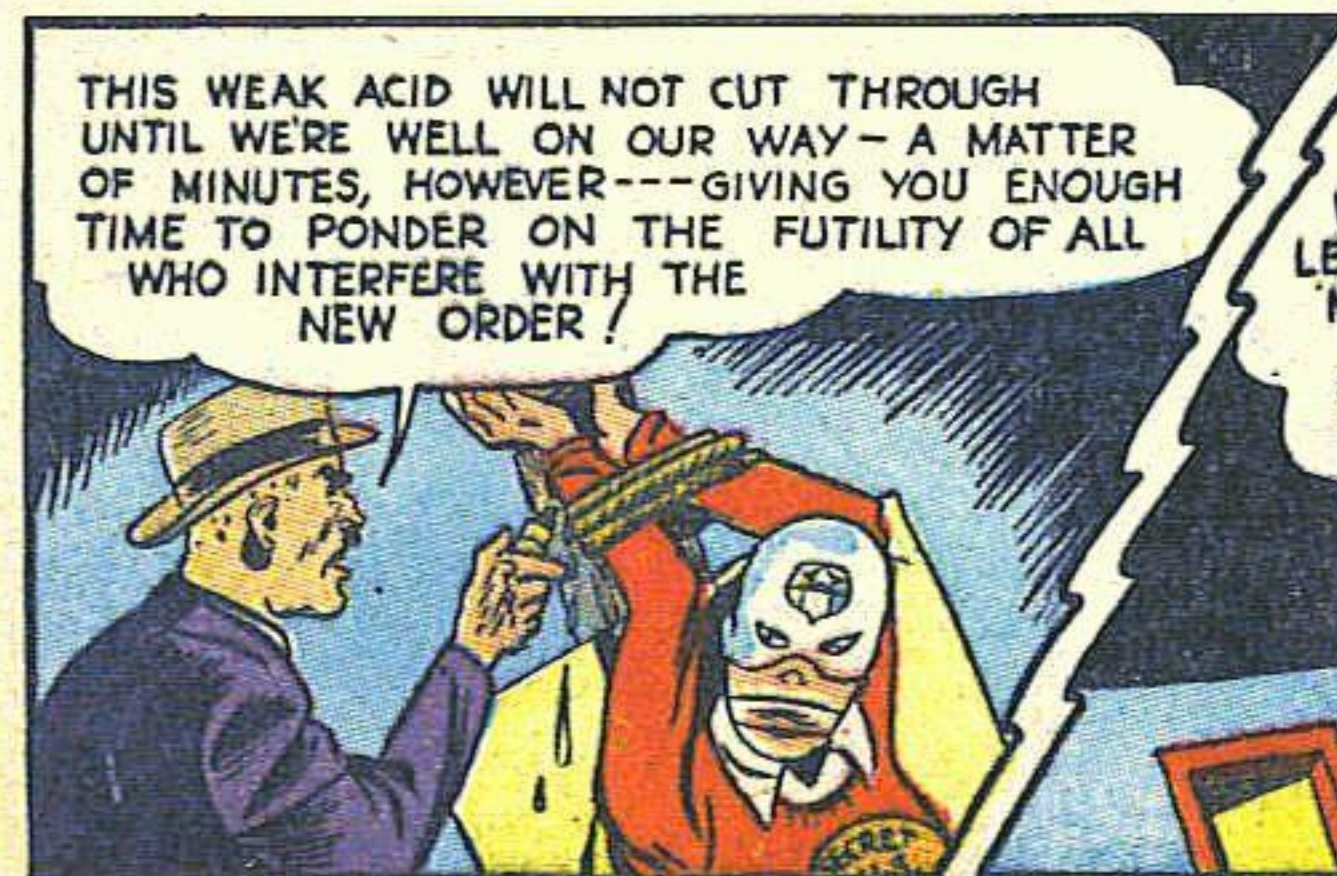
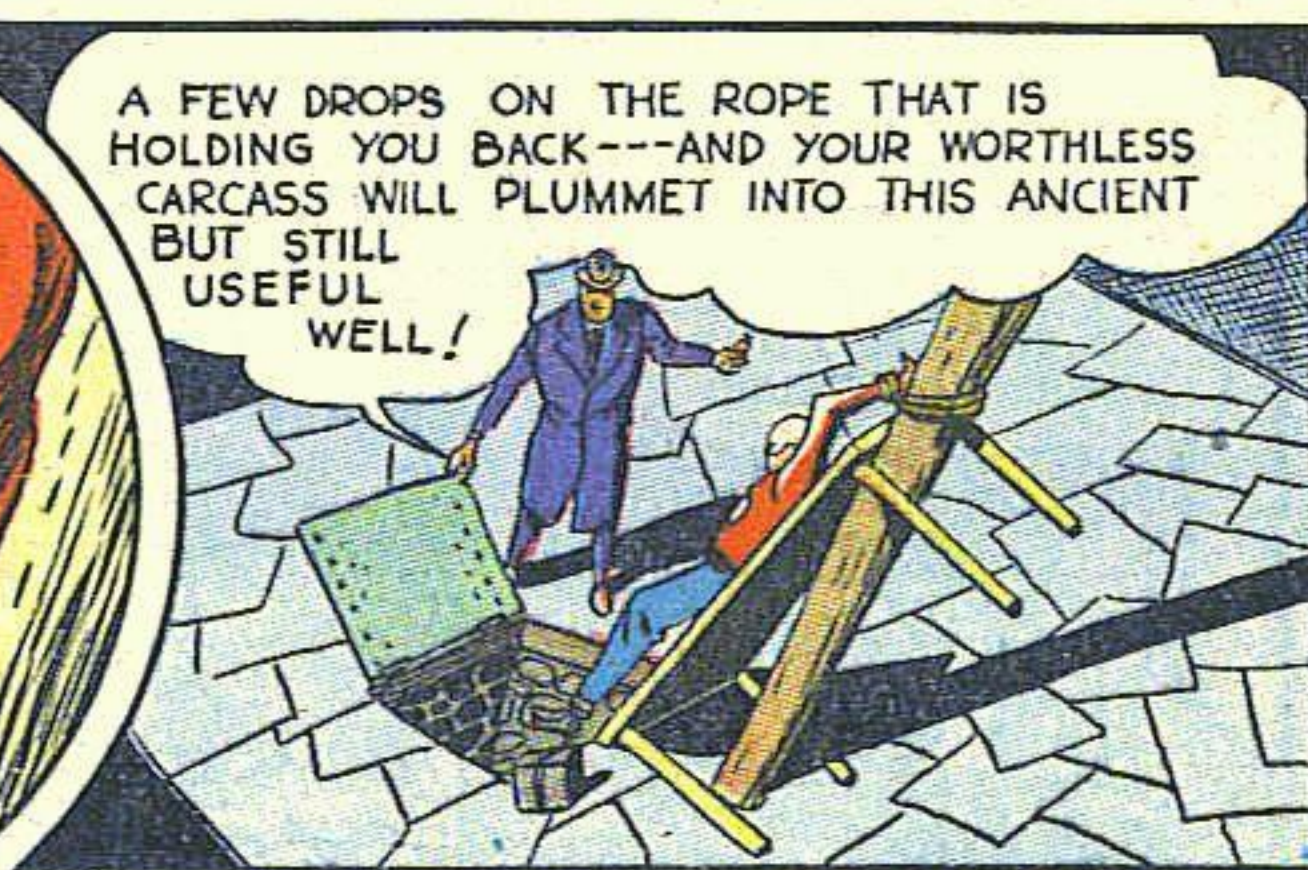
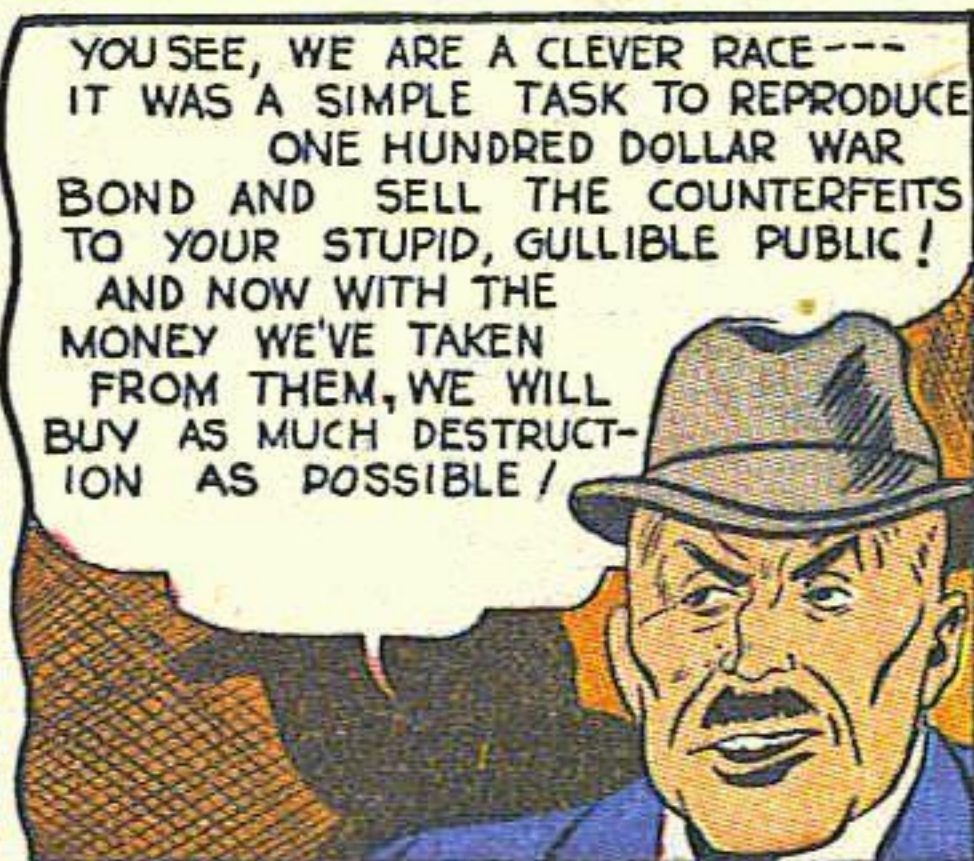
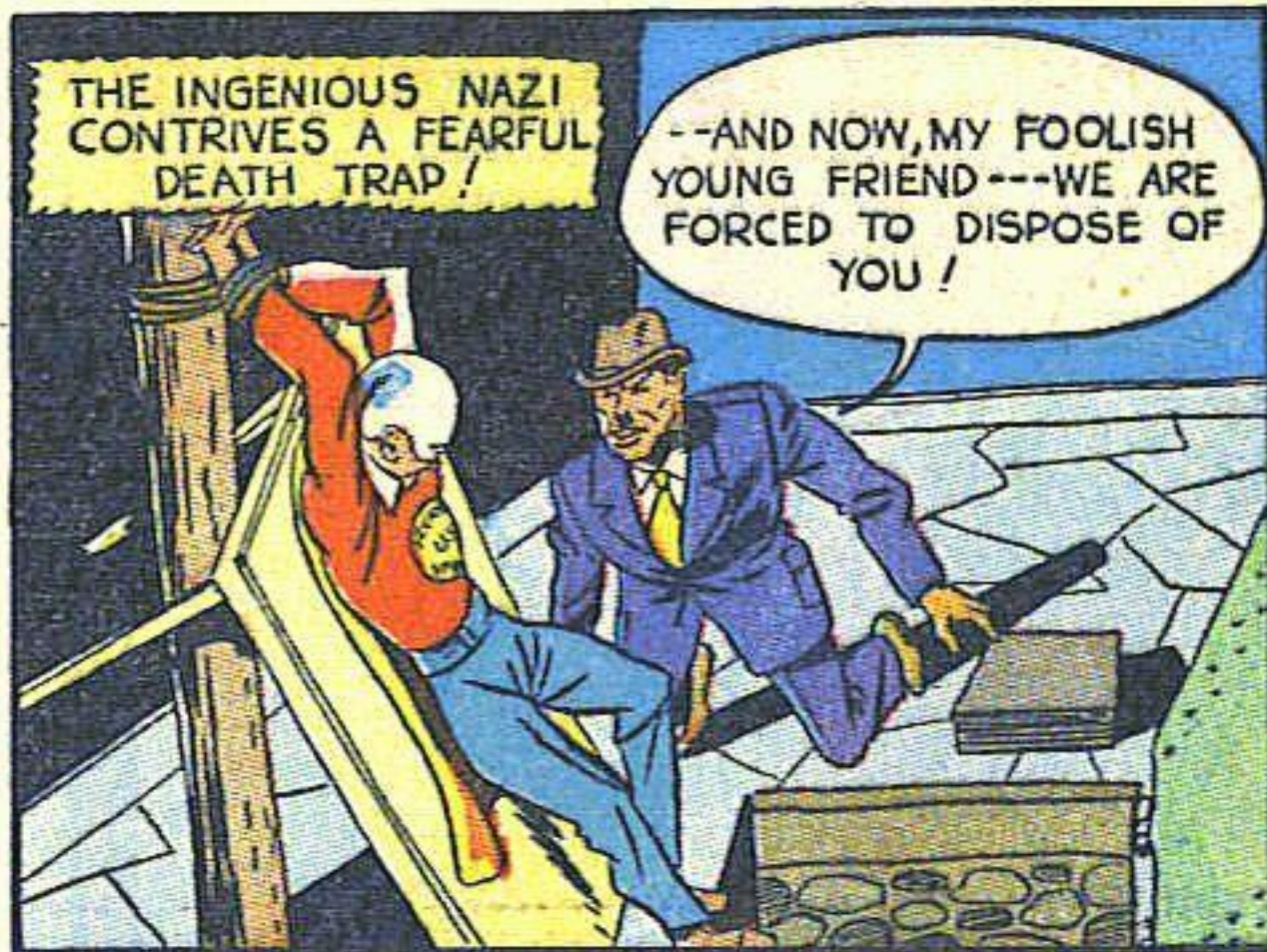
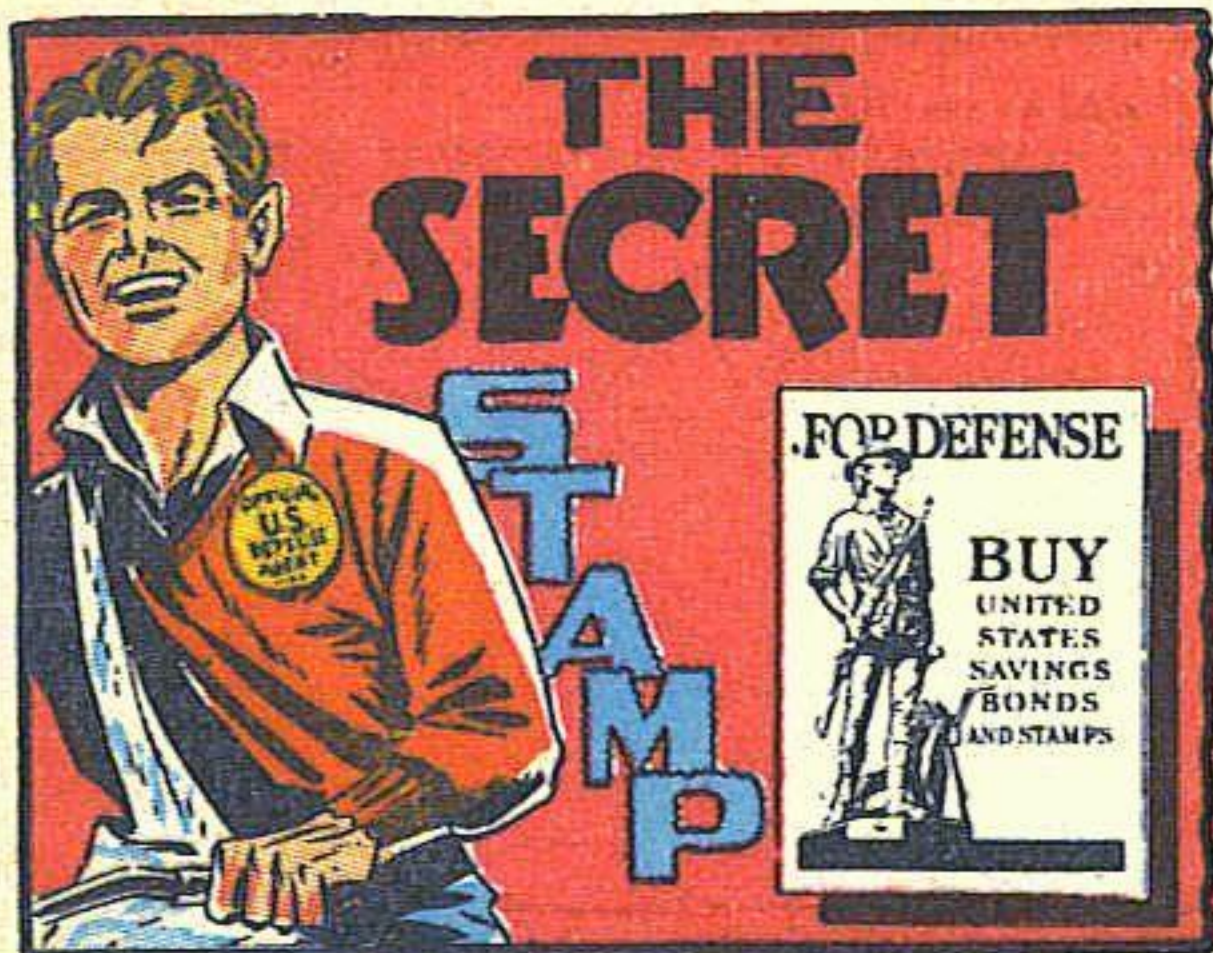
THE SECRET STAMP!

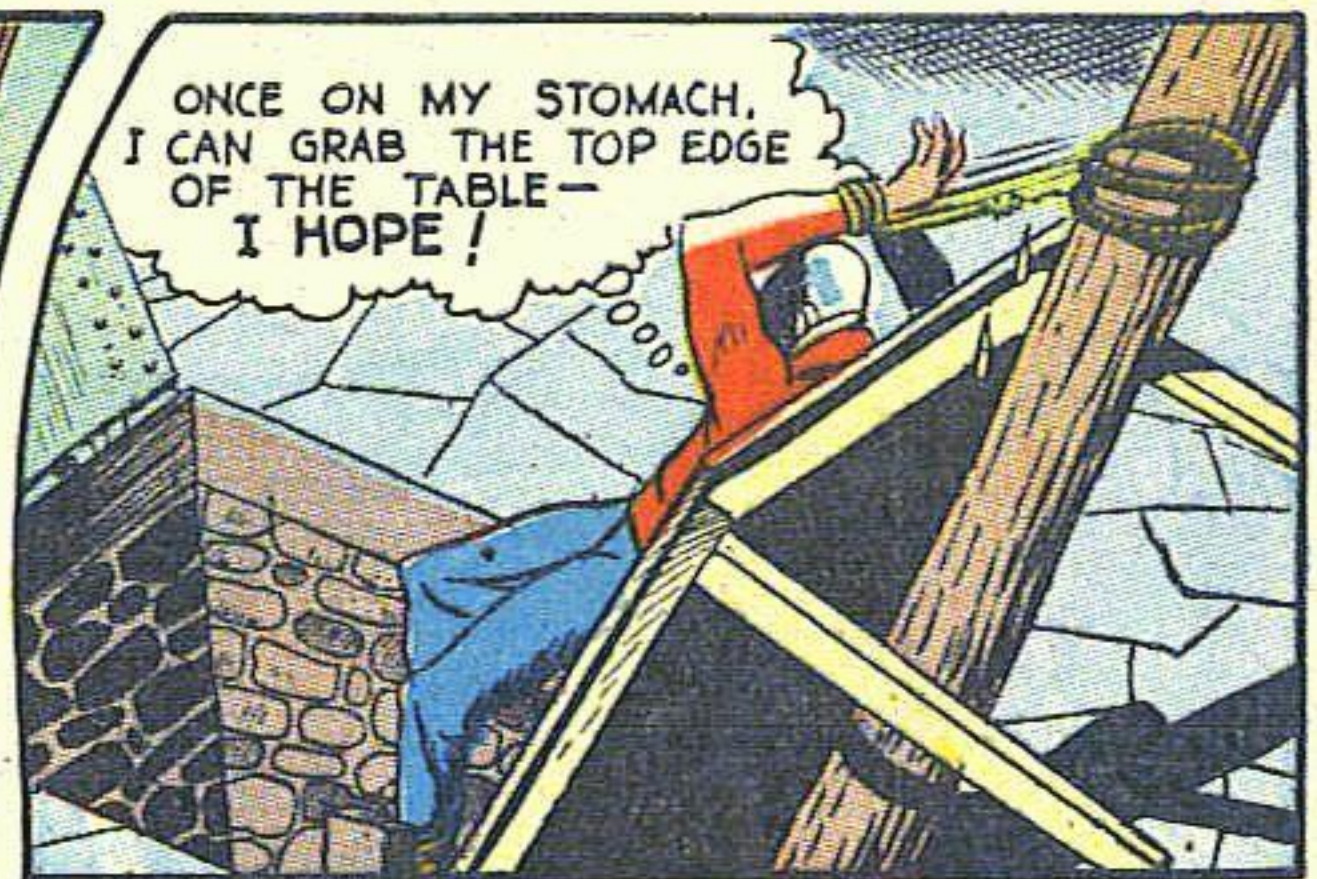
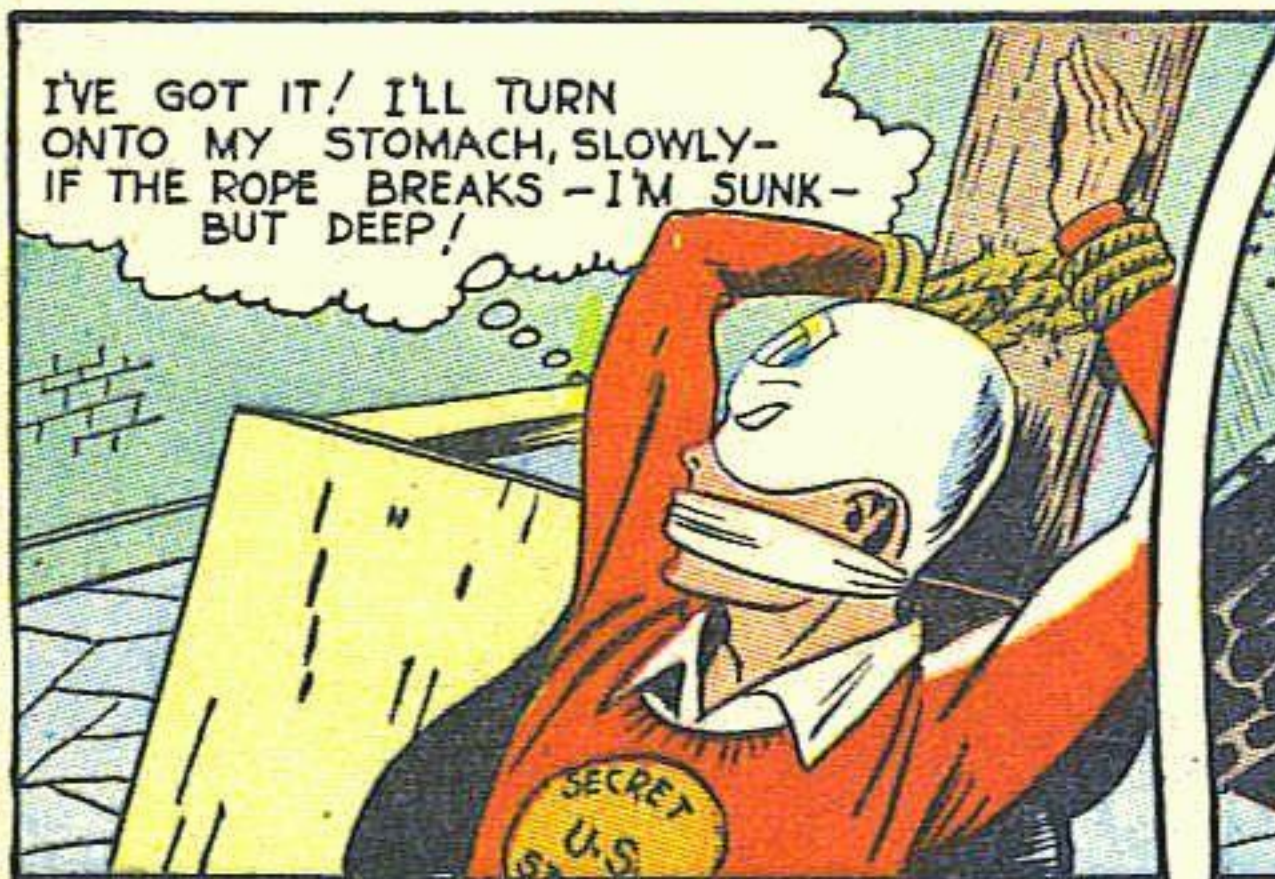
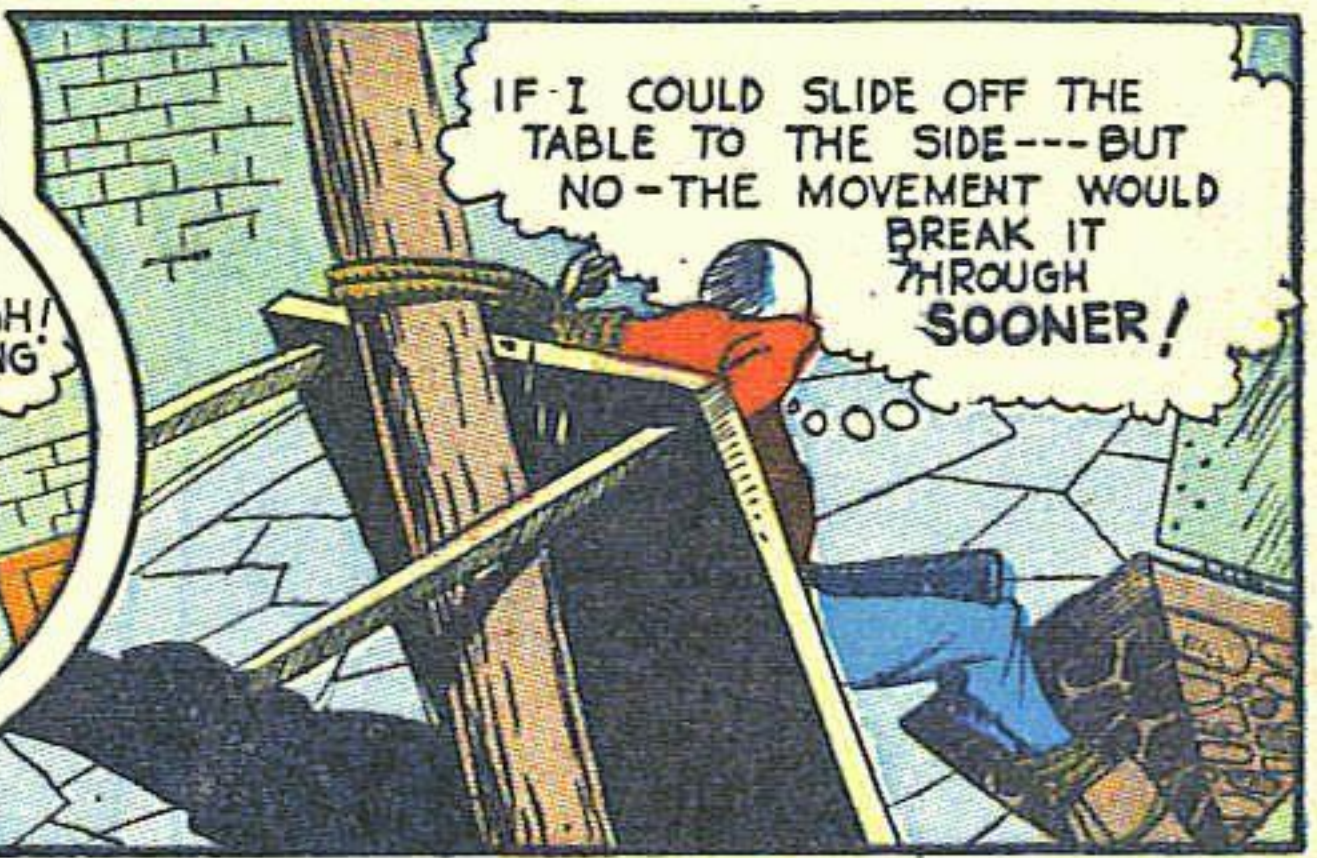
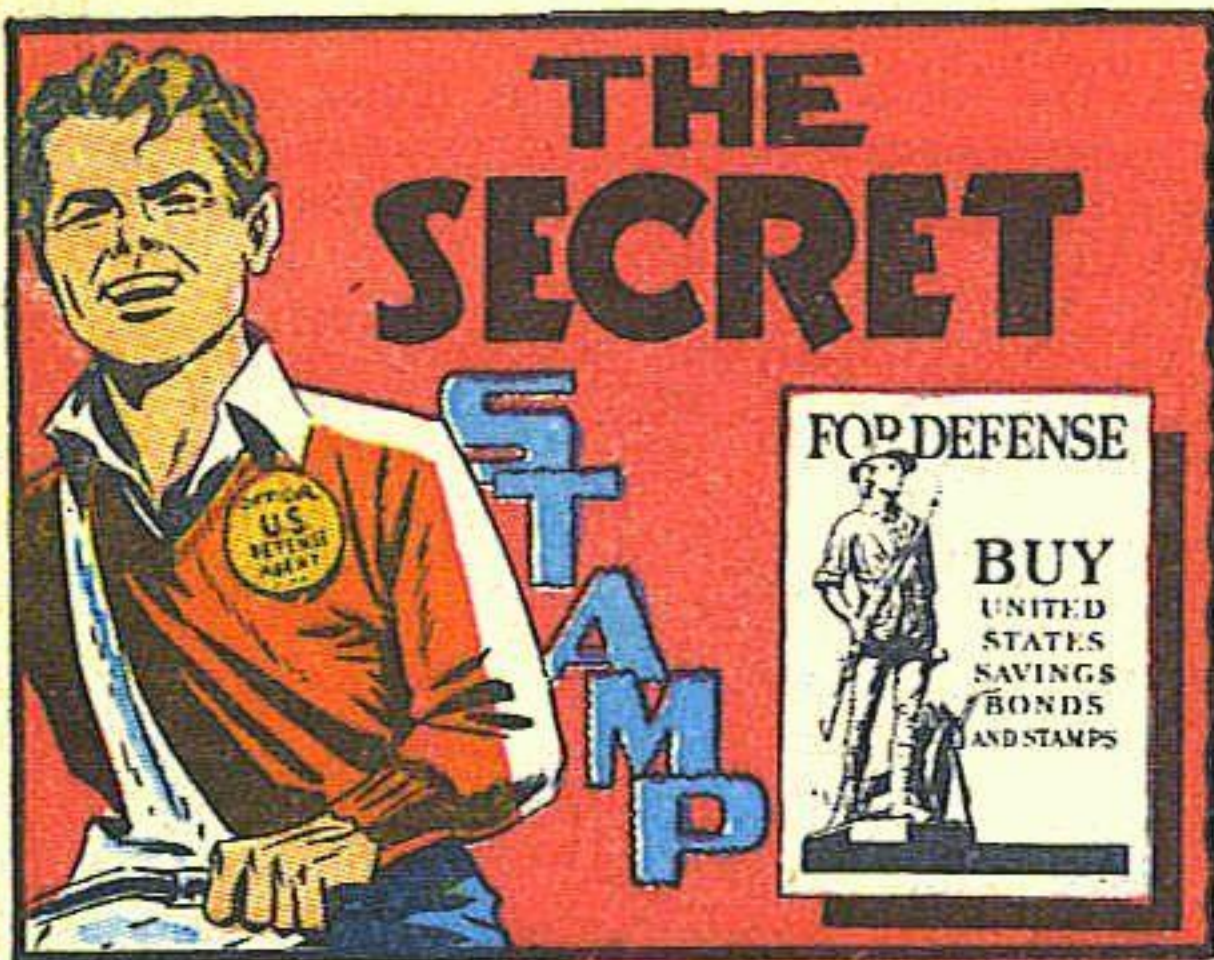


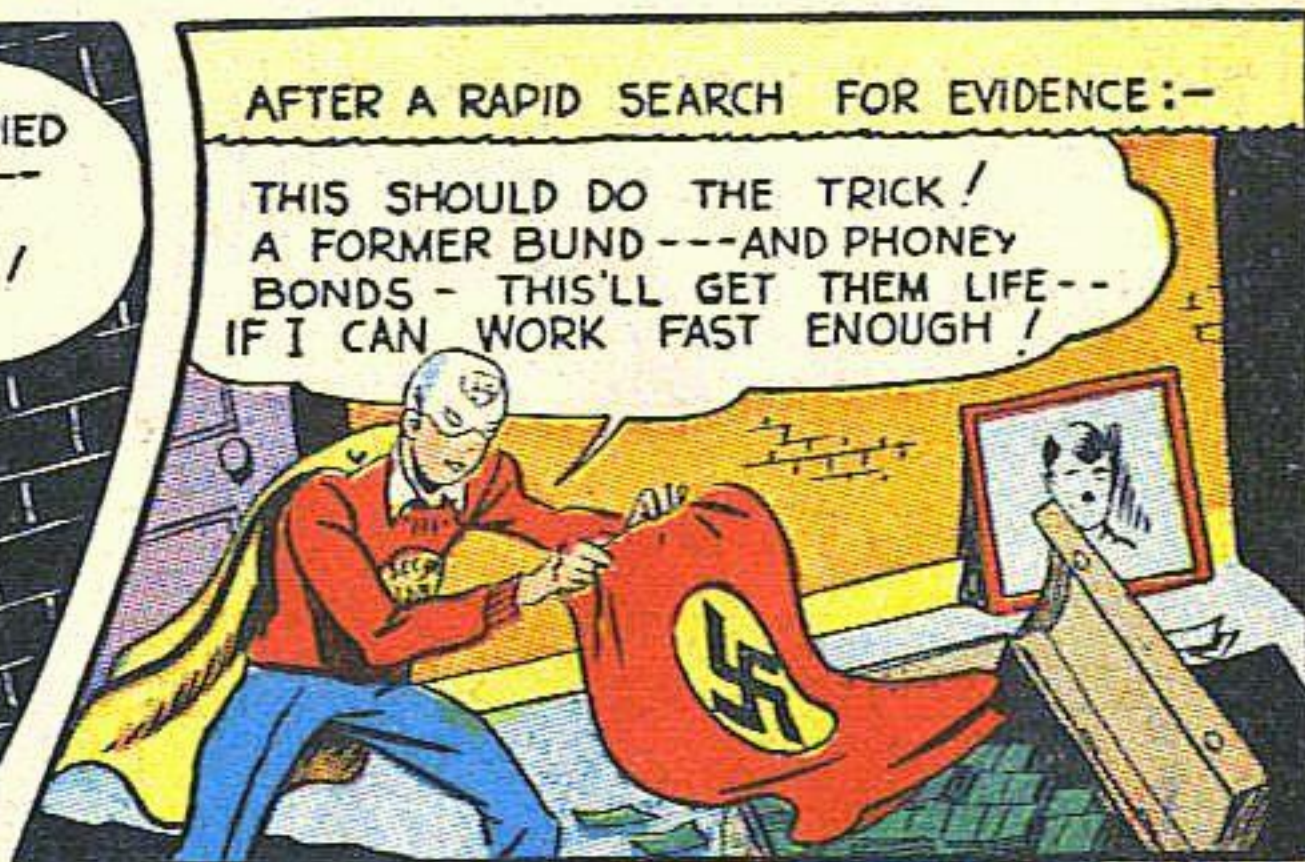
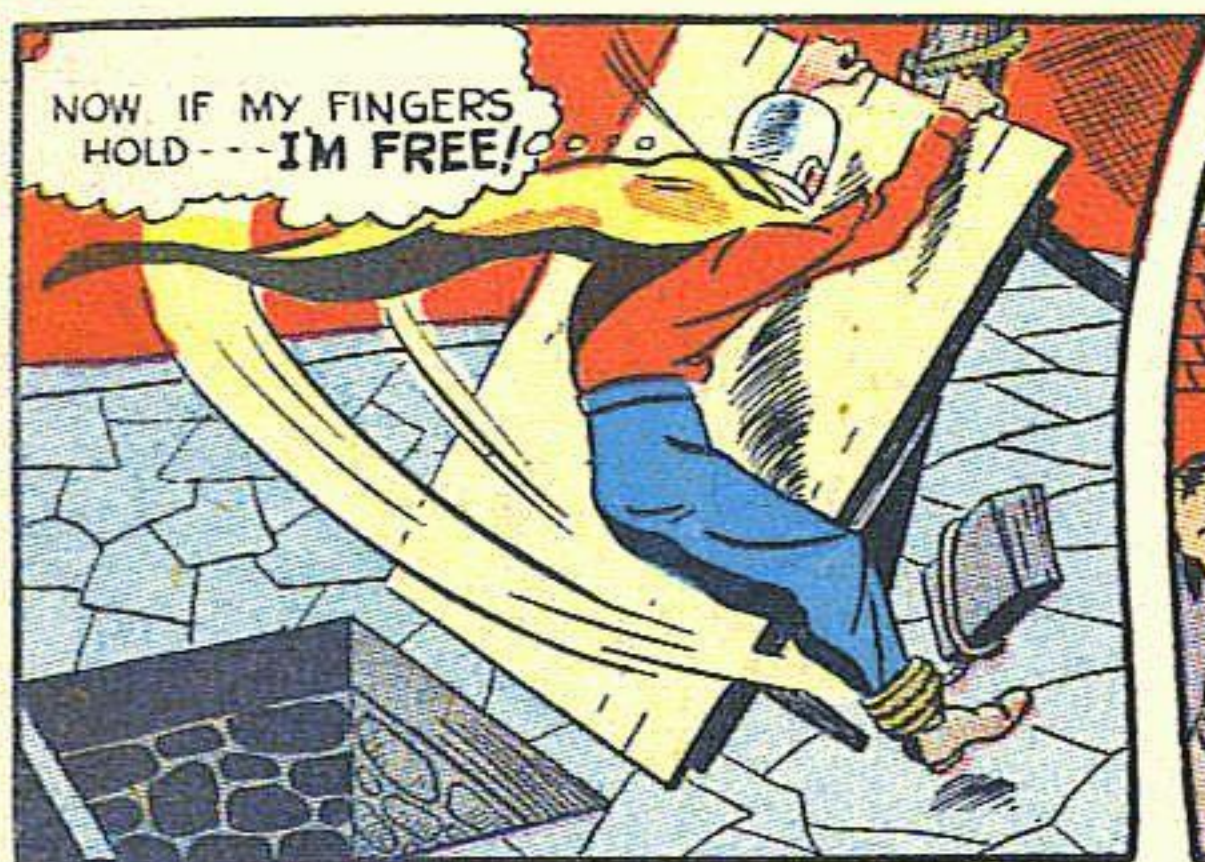
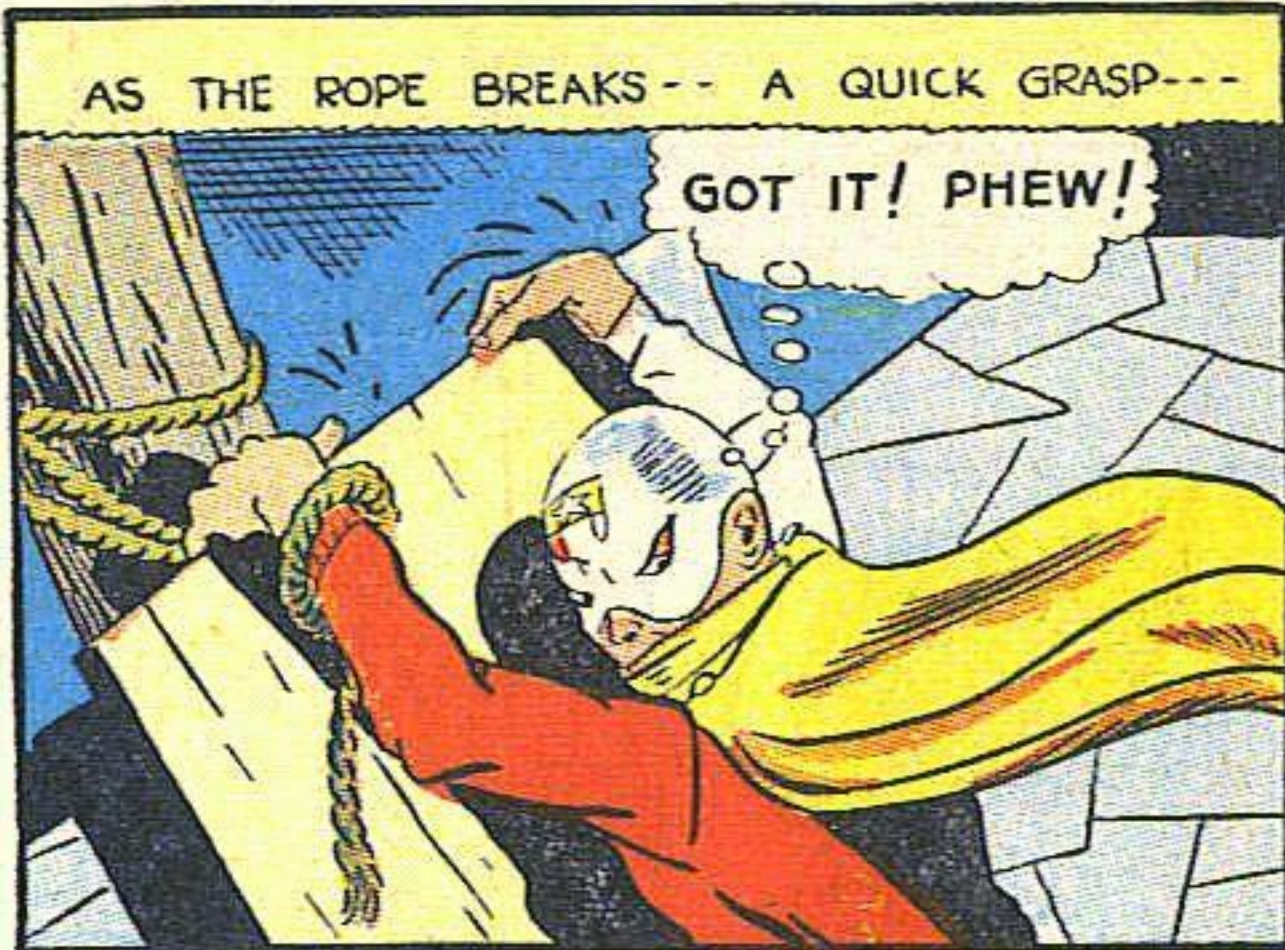
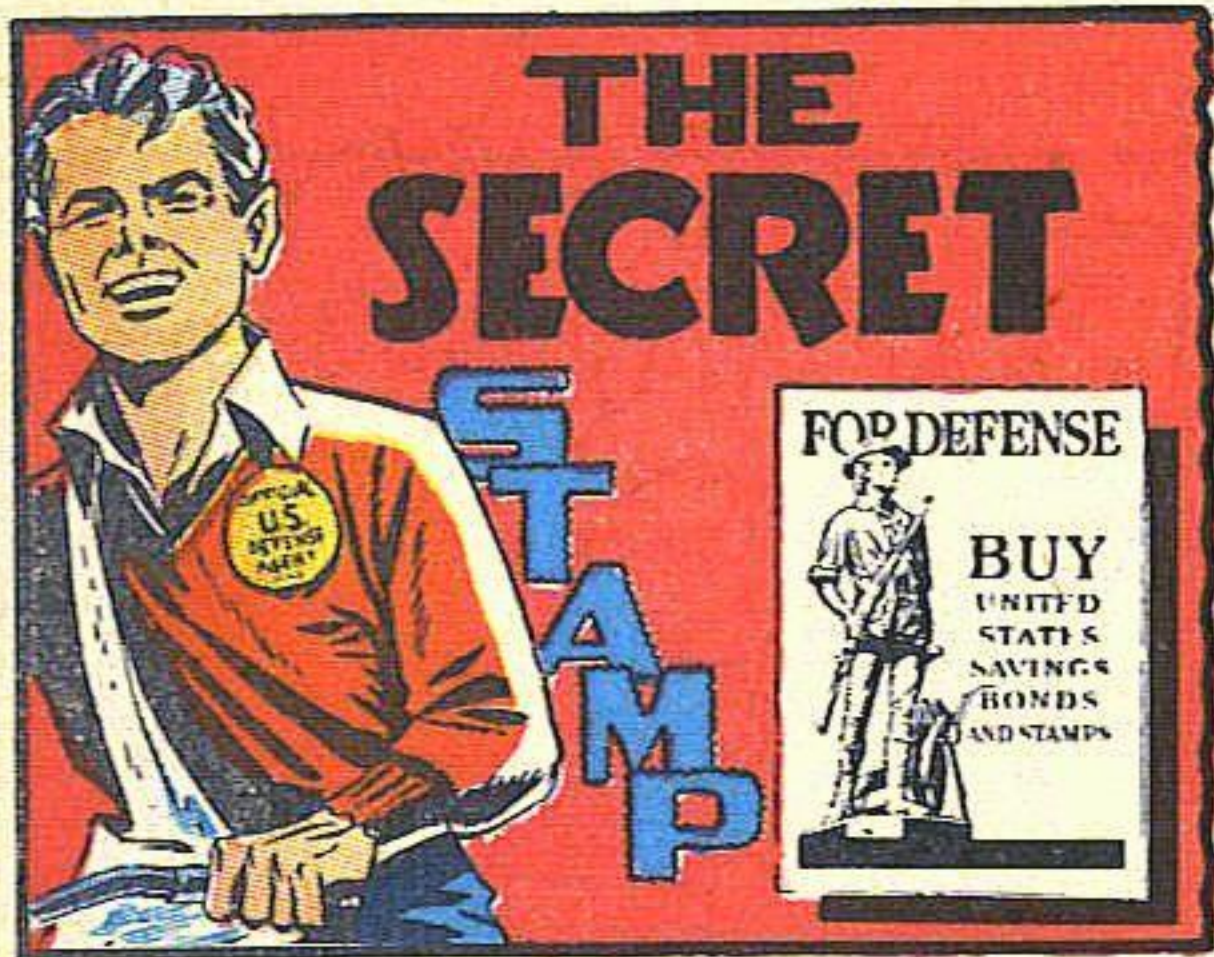
AND YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH A DREAM, CHUM! HA! HA!

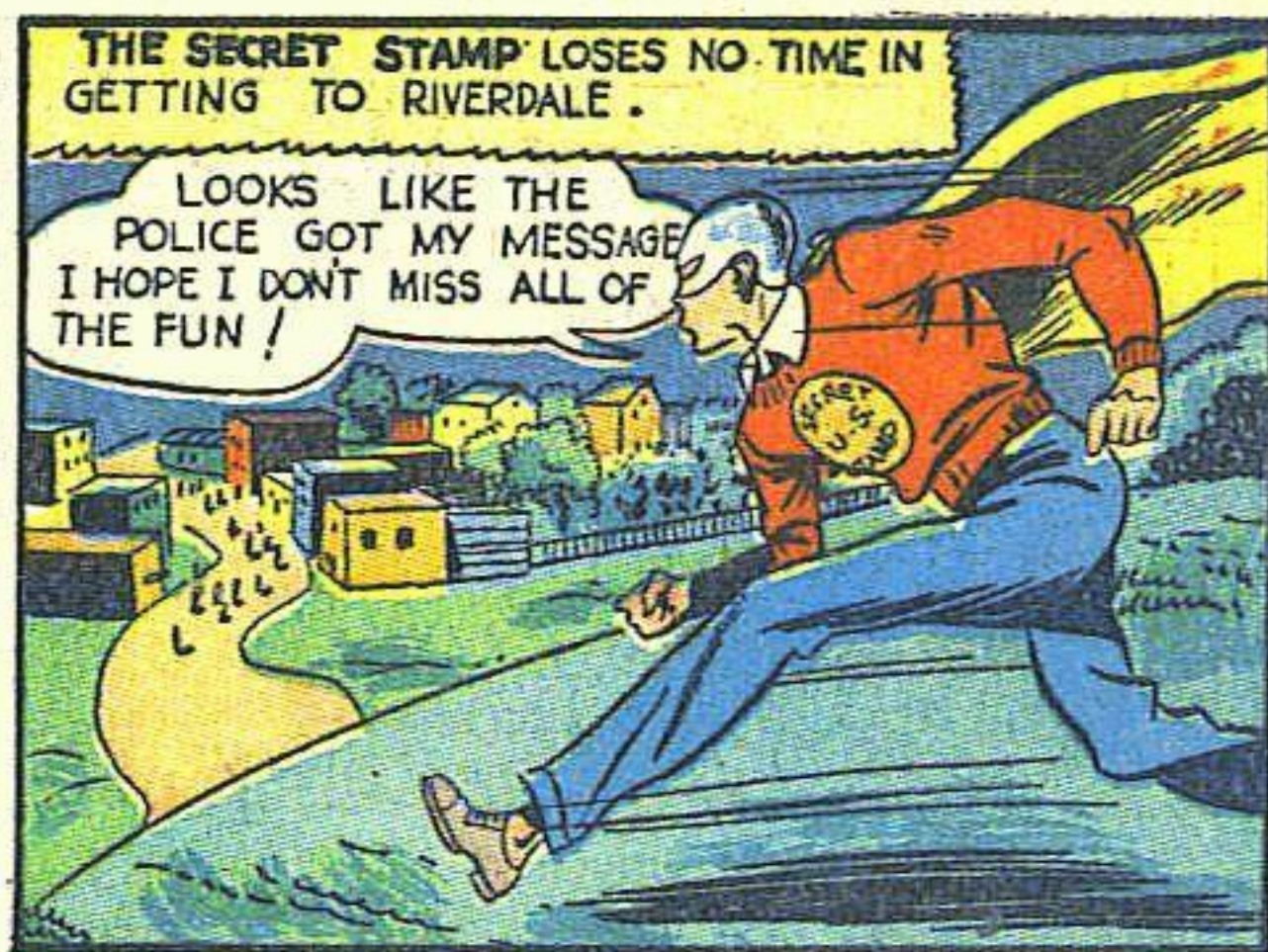
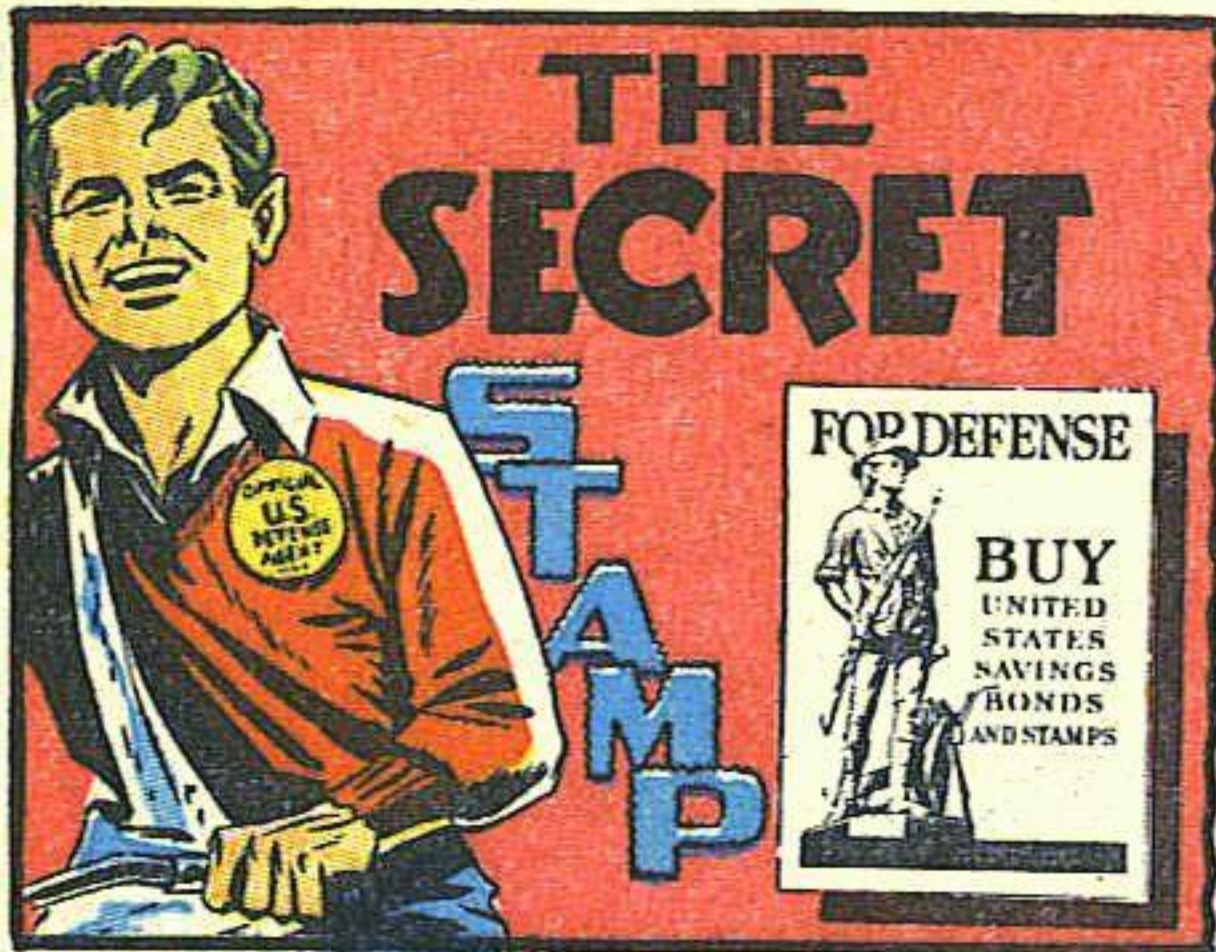
THUD

UGH!







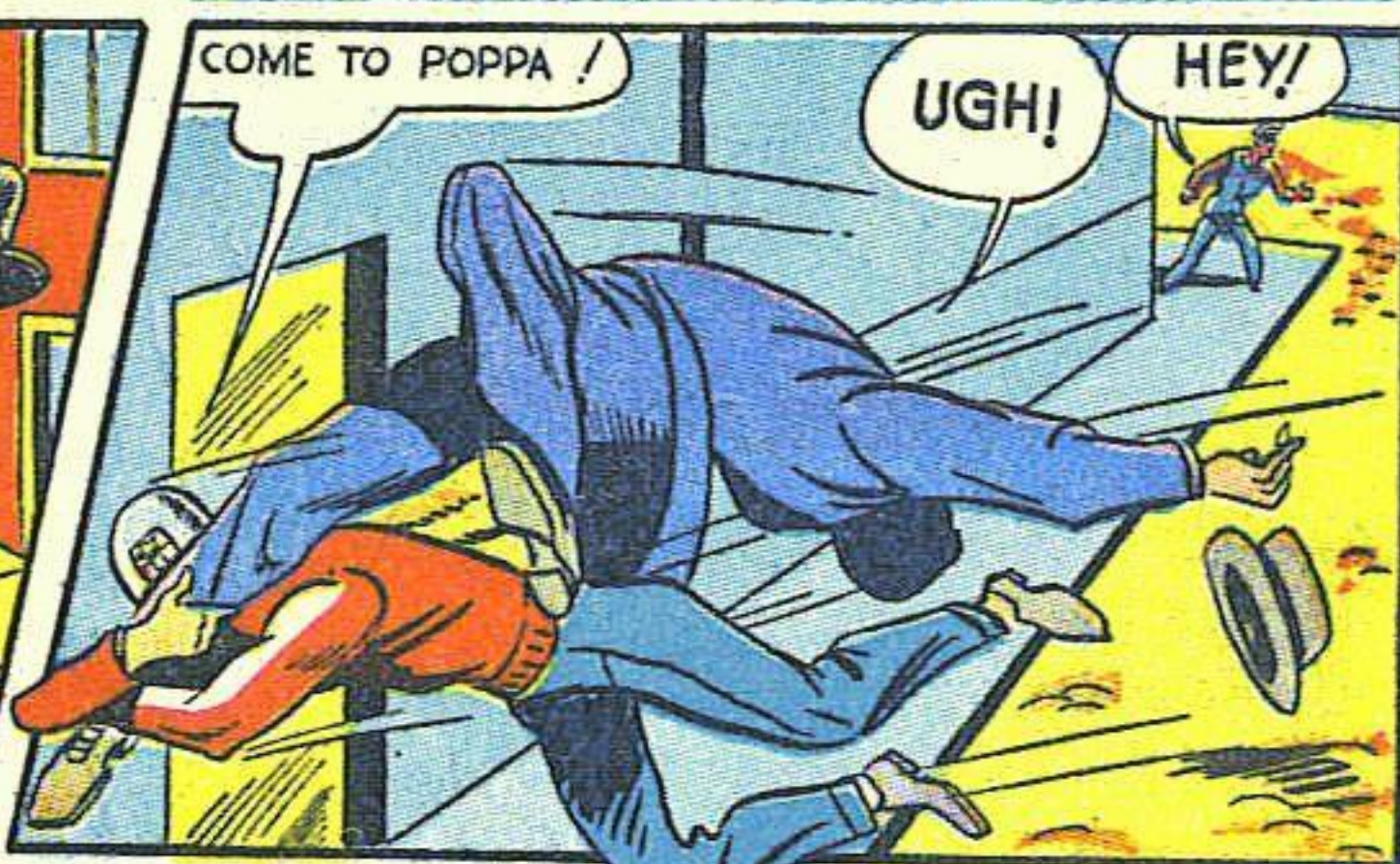


THE SECRET STAMP LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING TO RIVERDALE.

LOOKS LIKE THE POLICE GOT MY MESSAGE I HOPE I DON'T MISS ALL OF THE FUN!



UH-OH! THERE' MR. NAZI DUCKING!--THINK I'D BETTER INVITE HIM TO STAY A WHILE!



COME TO POPPA!

UGH!

HEY!



THIS ADHESIVE TAPE IS BEST FOR A FAST JOB!

MMMF.

STOP!



THE 'STAMP IS GONE!

LISTEN TO THIS-- HE TELLS US WHERE TO FIND THE EVIDENCE---ENOUGH TO COOK THEM!



THAT SECRET STAMP SURE PACKS A WALLOP! SEE HIM TACKLE THIS GUY?

HE SURE SCORED A TOUCHDOWN THAT TIME!

AND THE INTERFERENCE WASN'T BAD EITHER, WAS IT, NAZI?



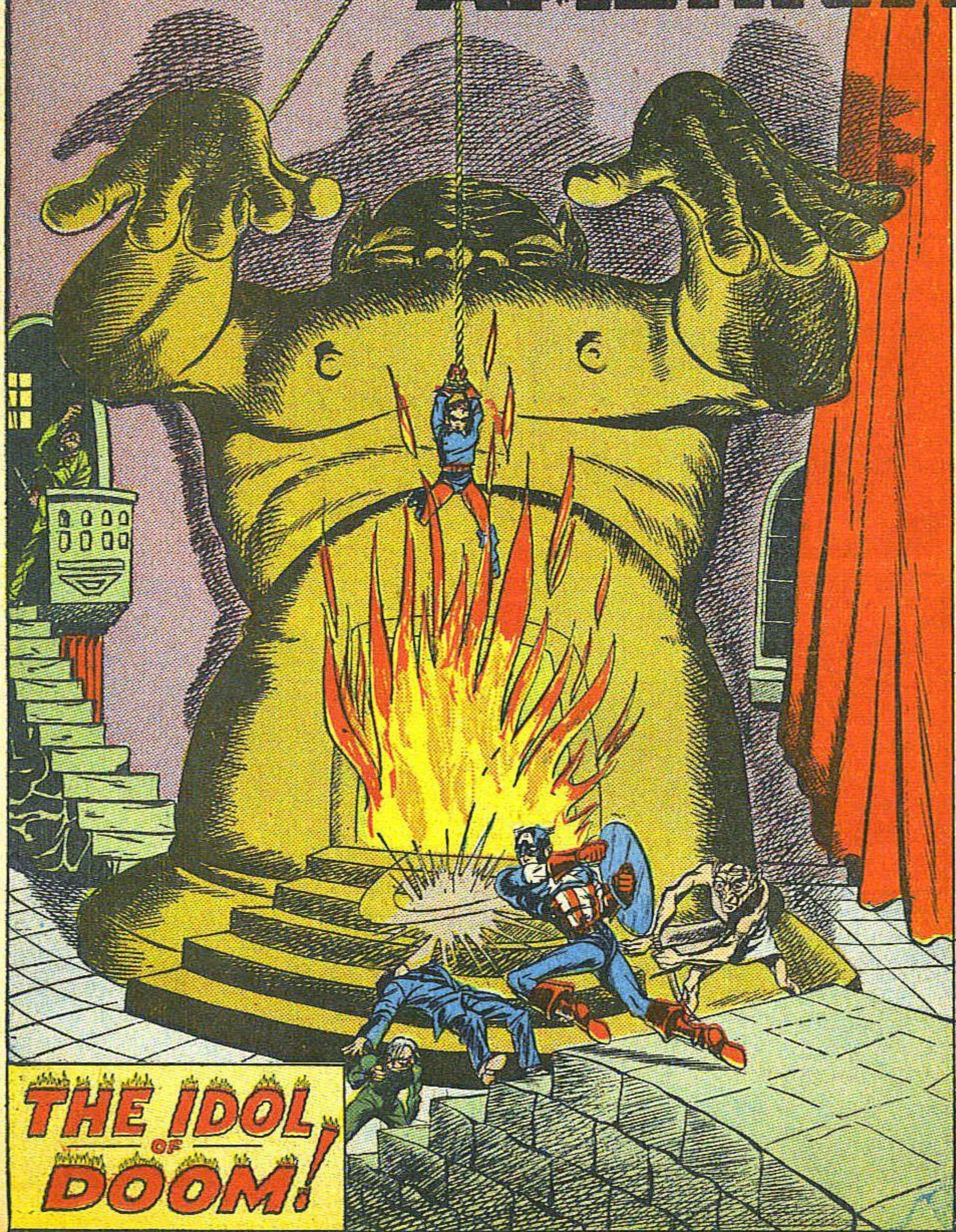
THE WORD "INTERFERENCE" STRIKES A FAMILIAR NOTE ---

YOU! BUT NO, YOU'RE JUST A KID---

GET IN THERE QUICK! FOR YOU THIS IS ---

--THE END!

CAPTAIN AMERICA



THE IDOL
OF
DOOM!

STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES ARE ON THEIR WAY BACK TO CAMP AFTER A LEAVE...

LOOK AT THAT, STEVE!
IT'S A FUNNY TIME TO GO
FOR A ROW!

-- THEY'RE A STRANGE COUPLE, TOO--
A HINDU AND A WHITE
WOMAN! I'VE GOT A
HUNCH WE'D BETTER
STICK AROUND!

AND NOW, MADAM---
WE ARE
READY,
YES?

REACHING
THE
CENTER
OF THE
STREAM,
THE
ROW-BOAT
COMES
TO A
STOP!

DECKA! MASTER OF FIRE AND
WATER, HEAR ME! I BRING TO THEE,
ONE WHO SEEKS
THE TRUTH---
THIS WOMAN!

WOMAN! ART THOU
READY FOR THE TEST?

SUDDENLY
A CIRCLE
OF
FLAMES
ROARS UP
FROM THE
WATER
AND A
HOLLOW
VOICE
BOOMS
OUT--

YES,
MASTER!

I DRAW NOW, WITH THE FIERY
BREATH OF THE UNHOLY SERPENT,
13 TIMES THE MYSTIC
NUMBER! 13 TIMES
THE MAGIC CIRCLE!

STEVE!
I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!

I CAN'T
EITHER!

NOW FIRE! NOW
WATER! WED IN
THE MOUTH OF
THE MUTED
SATAN! COME
DECKA, COME!
THE HOUR
INVITES YOU!
**THIS
WOMAN
IS READY!**

EEEEH!

HA! HA
HA!

C'MON, LAD!
THERE'S NO TIME
TO LOSE!

SWIFTLY STEVE AND BUCKY SWIM OUT TO THE SPOT, ONLY TO FIND-----

HOLY COW!
THEY'RE
GONE!

BUT THEY WERE HERE!
WE'VE GOT TO DIVE
FOR THEM!

HERE WE
GO--BLUB!

DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE JUNK-INFESTED RIVER, THEY SWIM, AND THERE STEVE FINDS A GOLD CASE GLITTERING IN THE MUD---

BACK
ON THE
SURFACE--

THERE'S GOT TO BE AN
EXPLANATION! THE CURRENT
MAY HAVE CARRIED THE
BODIES AWAY! PERHAPS
THIS WILL
EXPLAIN
IT!

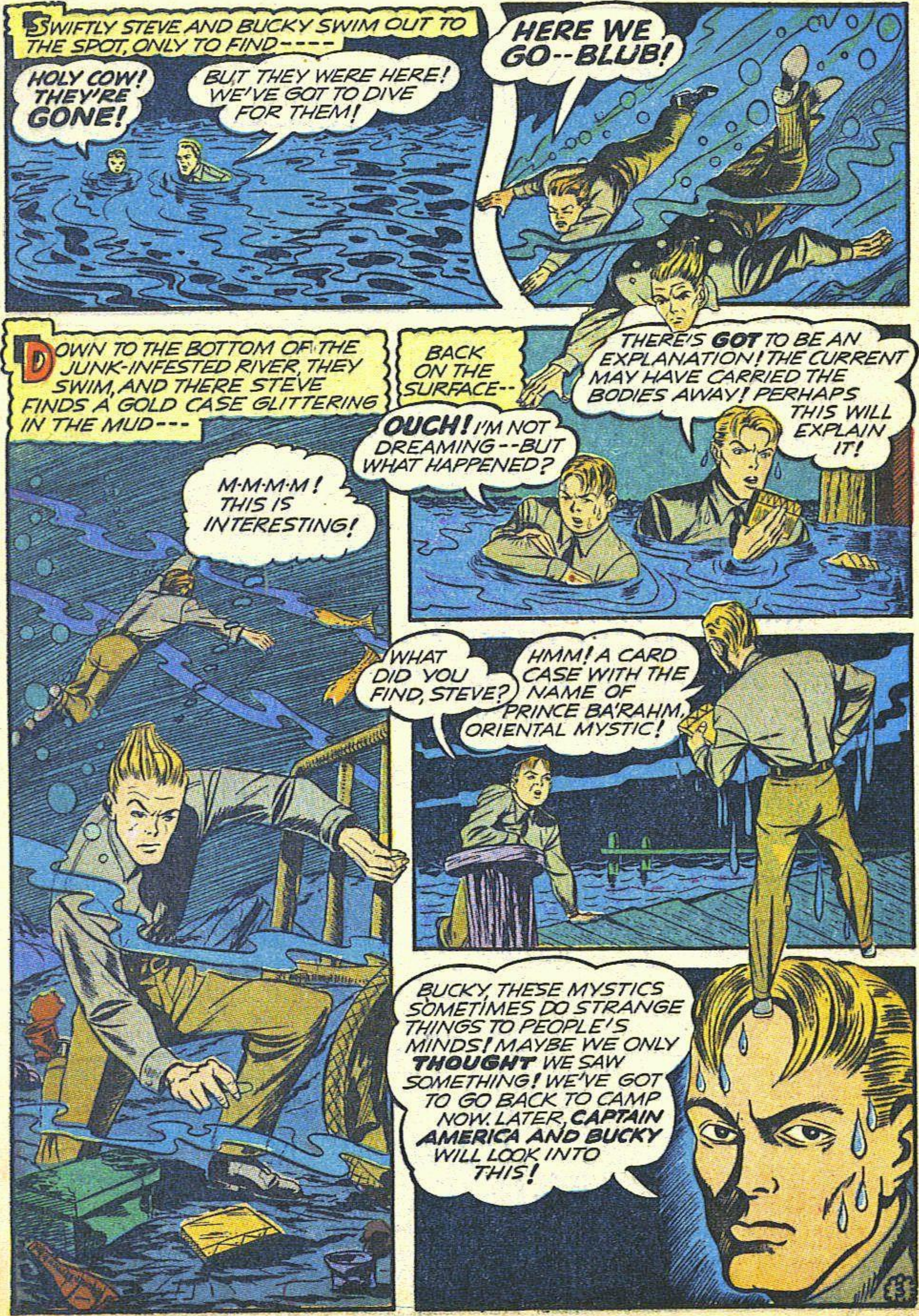
OUCH! I'M NOT
DREAMING--BUT
WHAT HAPPENED?

M-M-M-M!
THIS IS
INTERESTING!

WHAT
DID YOU
FIND, STEVE?

HMM! A CARD
CASE WITH THE
NAME OF
PRINCE BA'RAHM,
ORIENTAL MYSTIC!

BUCKY, THESE MYSTICS
SOMETIMES DO STRANGE
THINGS TO PEOPLE'S
MINDS! MAYBE WE ONLY
THOUGHT WE SAW
SOMETHING! WE'VE GOT
TO GO BACK TO CAMP
NOW. LATER, CAPTAIN
AMERICA AND BUCKY
WILL LOOK INTO
THIS!



THE NEXT MORNING AT CAMP LEHIGH WHERE AN AIRPORT IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION...



ALL RIGHT, ROGERS, WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS--- A PICNIC? PUT SOME WEIGHT TO IT!

I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN, SARGE!



SUDDENLY THE STUMP GIVES--

HEY! LOOK OUT!

HELP! HELP! GET ME OFF! STOP THIS THING!

OOPS! SORRY SARGE--!

THAR SHE GOES!

OH! OH! THAT DID IT!

-- WE'RE IN TROUBLE AGAIN!

JUST FOR THAT, YOU GUYS GET FIVE HOURS DRILL TOMORROW, BY YOURSELVES!

B-BUT WE'LL MISS THE PARADE!

NO YOU WONT! YOU'LL SEE IT PASS RIGHT BY YOU!

C'MON BUCKY! I THINK HE'S MAD AT US!

ARE YOU KIDDIN? FIVE HOURS DRILL! HOLY COW!



AND SO THE NEXT DAY, STEVE AND BUCKY ARE LEFT TO A PRIVATE PARADE OF THEIR OWN AS THE REGIMENT MARCHES OFF!

TA, TA, BOYS! LET ME KNOW WHEN YOUR CORNS HURT! I'LL BRING YOU SOME FOOT EASE FROM TOWN!

THE BIG OX!

HOPE HE TAKES A FLOP RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE REVIEWING STAND!

HA!



MEANWHILE A FEW MILES AWAY, AT THE MOUTH OF SNAKE RIVER ---

Y'KNOW SYD, FISHIN' HERE AIN'T WHAT IT USED T'BE! I REMEMBER THE TIME--

SH-H-H, BILL! I THINK I GOTTA BITE!



BILL, LOOK! A BODY!

HOLY SMOKE! GET THE POLICE!



HOLY CATS! MY DOGS HURT! WHAT NOW, STEVE?

WE'VE GOT A FEW HOURS BEFORE TAPS! LET'S GO TO TOWN!

WHILE BACK AT THE CAMP, STEVE AND BUCKY HAVE FINISHED THEIR DRILL!



DOGGONE IT, WE MISSED IT! HOW ABOUT A MOVIE?

I WANT A LOOK AT THIS EXTRA FIRST! BOY!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

AND SHORTLY AFTER, THEY ARRIVE IN TOWN-- BUT TOO LATE TO SEE THE PARADE!



**DAILY GLOBE
EXTRA
SOCIETY WOMAN
FOUND DEAD IN**

The body of Mrs. J. Wallinger was found in Snake River by two fishermen who discovered the body accidently. The police believe that it was brought about by some closely related...



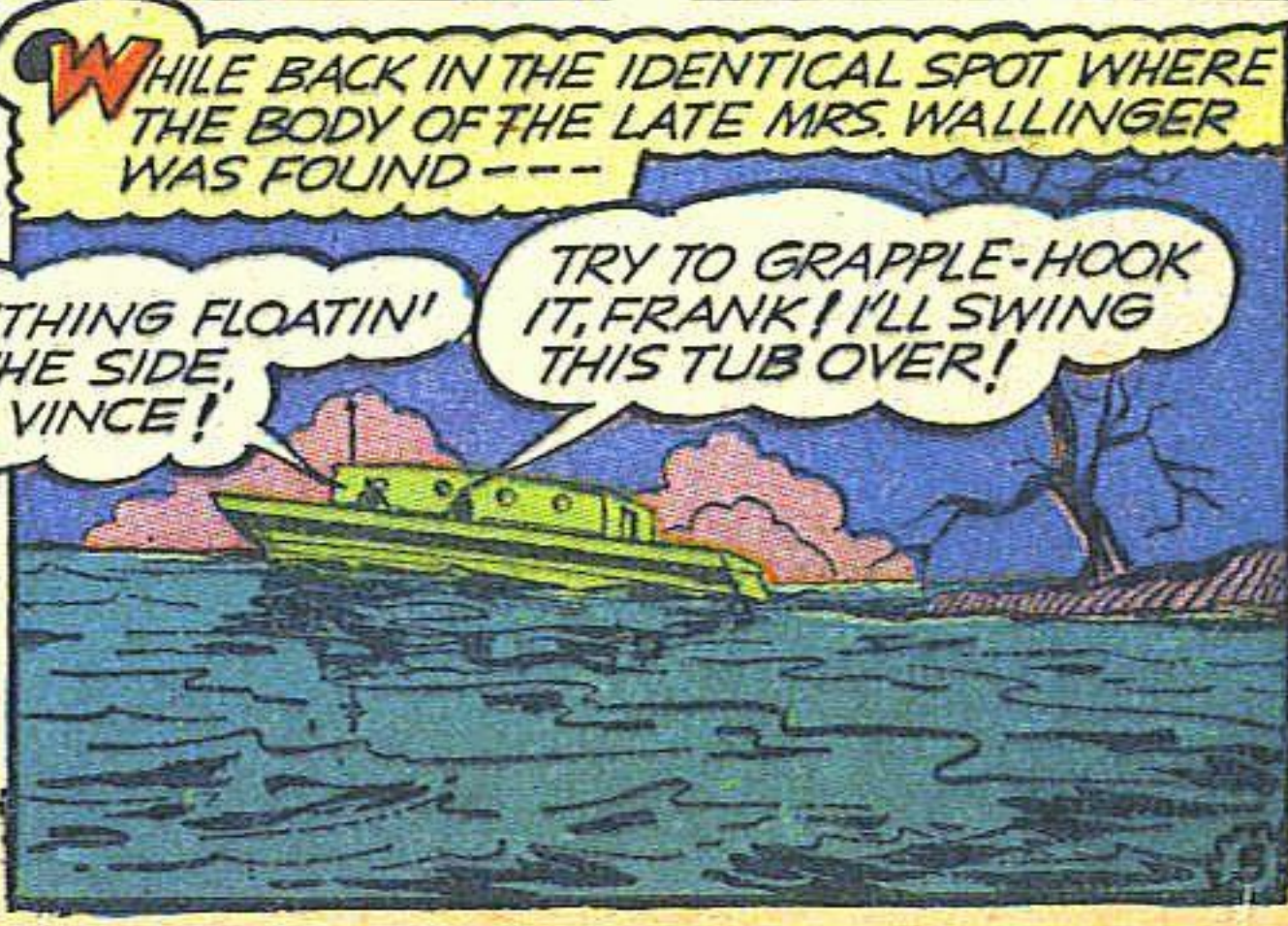
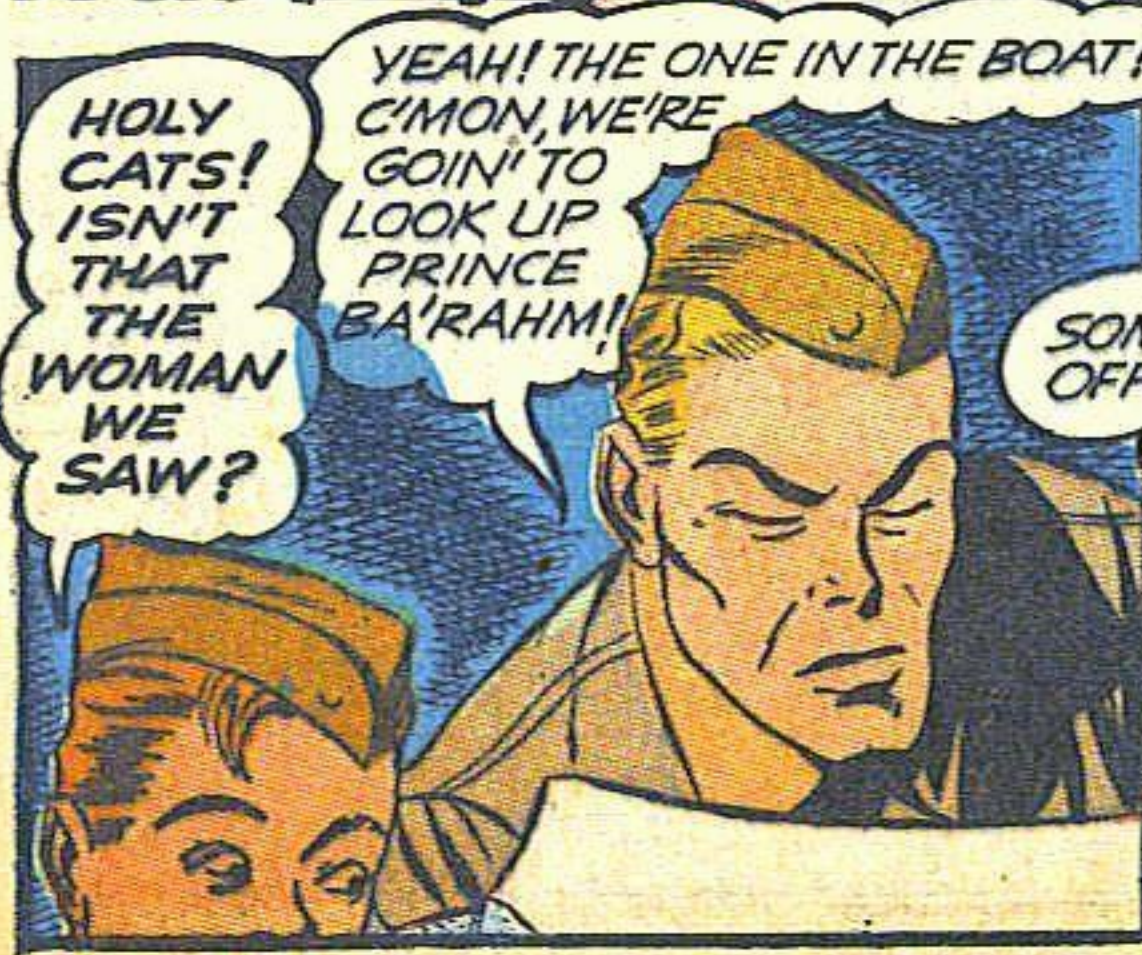
HOLY CATS! ISN'T THAT THE WOMAN WE SAW?

YEAH! THE ONE IN THE BOAT! C'MON, WE'RE GOIN' TO LOOK UP PRINCE BA'RAHM!

SOMETHING FLOATIN' OFF THE SIDE, VINCE!

WHILE BACK IN THE IDENTICAL SPOT WHERE THE BODY OF THE LATE MRS. WALLINGER WAS FOUND ---

TRY TO GRAPPLE-HOOK IT, FRANK! I'LL SWING THIS TUB OVER!



AS THE BOAT SWERVES TO THE PULL OF HELM, THE BUNDLE IS DISCOVERED TO BE ---

AUGH! IT'S A WOMAN'S BODY!

PULL IT IN! WE'RE HEADIN' BACK TO PORT!

WHILE AT THE OFFICE OF THE 'BROTHERHOOD OF MAGICIANS'--

SORRY, BUT WE HAVE NO SUCH NAME IN OUR REGISTER! NOR HAVE I EVER HEARD OF THIS PRINCE BA'RAHM!

I SEE--THANKS! C'MON, BUCKY, WE'LL TRY THE TELEPHONE DIRECTORIES!

AFTER A VAIN SEARCH OF THE PHONE BOOKS--

EXTRA! BODY OF SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN FOUND IN RIVER!

STEVE! ANOTHER ONE!

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! WE'RE GOING INTO ACTION!

MEANWHILE AT THE CITY BANK, MRS. DALE, WEALTHY WIDOW IS COMPLETING PREPARATION FOR A JOURNEY...

YOU UNDERSTAND, YOU ARE TO TURN THE MONEY OVER TO A PERSON PRESENTING THIS DOCUMENT BEARING MY SIGNATURE!

IT'S AN UNUSUAL REQUEST, BUT YOU BEING AN OLD DEPOSITOR, I CAN COMPLY!

LEAVING THE BANK, MRS. DALE HURRIES BY CAB TO AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE ---

--WHILE INSIDE, LURKS THE GLOATING FIGURE OF THE MYSTIC--

AH! HERE IS THE NEXT VICTIM! TELL THE BOYS TO PREPARE THE CHAMBER!

YES, MASTER! CAN I WATCH THIS ONE DIE? CAN I, MASTER?

KEEP THE CHANGE! I WON'T NEED IT ANY MORE!

THA - THANK YOU, MA'AM!

SIT HERE, MADAM! I LEAVE YOU TO COMMUNE WITH THE SPIRITS!

LEAVING HIS CREDULOUS VICTIM, PRINCE BA'RAHM DIALS A CERTAIN NUMBER!

HELLO---BOSS? SHE'S HERE! IS EVERYTHING SET?

YES! THE MONEY'S IN THE BANK! YOU GET THE SIGNATURE TO THE PAPER SHE'S GOT! IT'S A RELEASE ON THE BANK!

MEANWHILE, THE OFFICE OF MR. BRADY, ATTORNEY FOR THE DEAD WOMEN---

YES, GENTLEMEN? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WE WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT TWO OF YOUR CLIENTS WHO WERE **MURDERED!**

MURDERED? MY CLIENTS MET WITH ACCIDENTS---! BUT MURDER---

WE SAW ONE OF THEM MURDERED! LISTEN---

STEVE TELLS HIS STORY AND---

I SUSPECTED AS MUCH, BUT I WAS AFRAID TO TALK! **BA'RAHM!** WOULD KILL ME!

PRINCE BA'RAHM! DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE LIVES?

AT AN ABANDONED HOUSE NEAR THE ORE DOCK, WHERE YOU SAW HIM WITH MY CLIENT!

C'MON BUCKY, WE'RE GOING CALLING!

STEVE AND BUCKY QUICKLY RACE TO THE WAREHOUSE TO FIND---

OH, OH! WATCH-DOGS, STEVE!

I THINK **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY** BETTER TAKE OVER FROM HERE!

AW! THIS IS TOO EASY!

CRACK!



QUICKLY
DISPOSING
OF THE
GUARDS,
CAP
AND
BUCKY
DASH
INSIDE...

LOOK,
ANOTHER
ONE!

HEY! WHERE
D'YA T'INK
YER GOIN'?

YOU'LL
NEVER
KNOW!

SAVE
THE
PIECES!

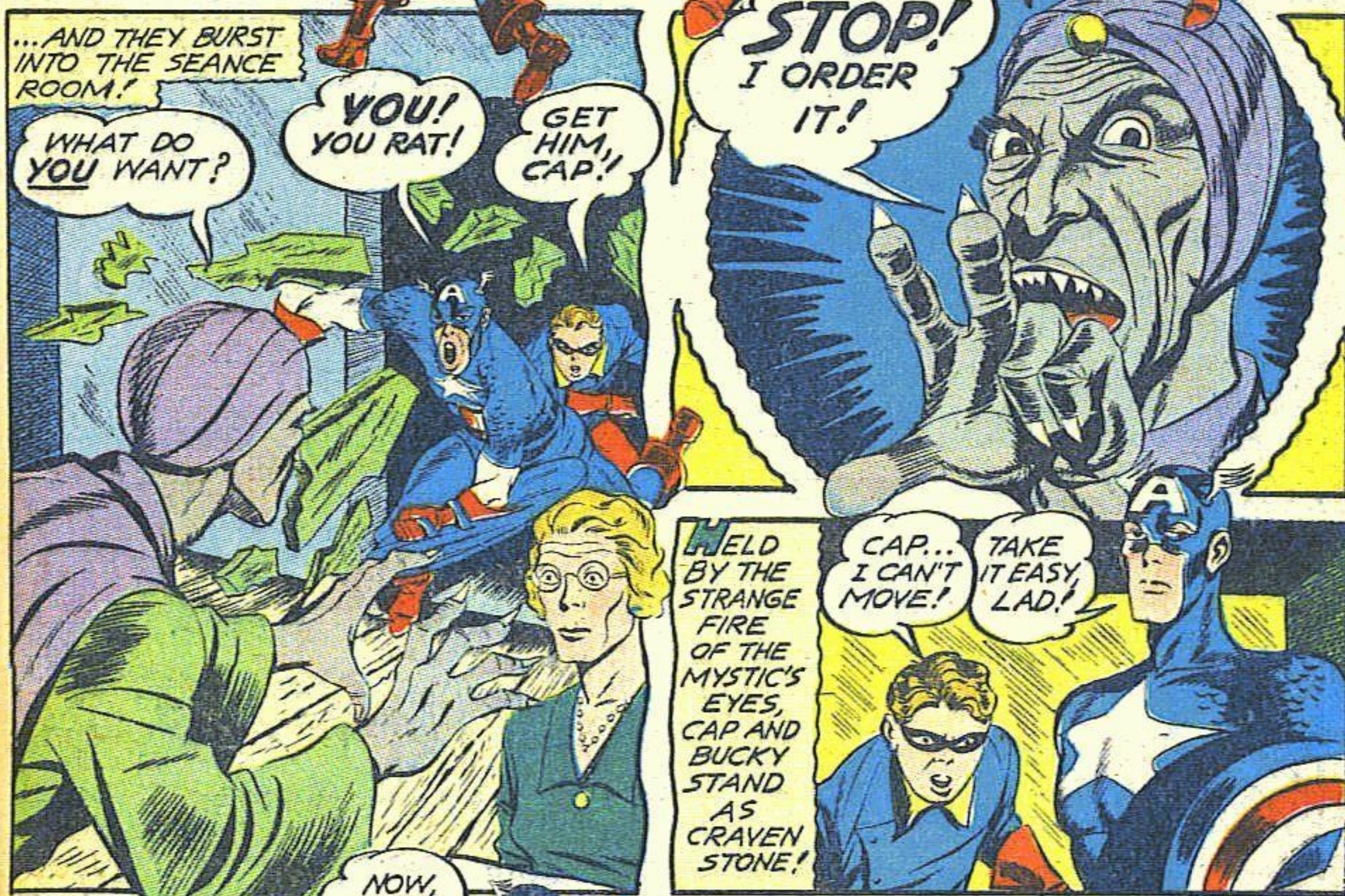
...AND THEY BURST
INTO THE SEANCE
ROOM!

WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

YOU!
YOU RAT!

GET
HIM,
CAP!

STOP!
I ORDER
IT!



HELD
BY THE
STRANGE
FIRE
OF THE
MYSTIC'S
EYES,
CAP AND
BUCKY
STAND
AS
CRAVEN
STONE!

CAP...
I CAN'T
MOVE!

TAKE
IT EASY,
LAD!



FOR A
SPLIT
SECOND
BA'RAHM
TAKES
HIS EYES
OFF CAP
AND
THE
HYPNOTIC
POWERS
ARE
BROKEN!

SHAO!

NOW,
FAKIR!

C'MON, CAP,
IT'S OUR
TURN AT
BAT!

SUDDENLY THE GROTESQUE FIGURE OF
SHAO THE DWARF HURLS ITSELF AT
BUCKY!

I KILL!
I KILL!

CAP!
HELP!

QUICKLY CAP SWEEPS
UP THE MYSTIC ...

YOU WILL DIE
FOR THIS!
LET ME GO!

SURE!

STRIKE!

SUDDENLY, MORE
HENCHMEN POUR
INTO THE ROOM...
GET HIM, MEN!

RIGHT,
CHIEF!

THIS IS
YOUR
FINISH,
CAPTAIN!

HOLY CATS!
MORE OF
THEM!

HEY!
WHA...
TH...

CRASH!

BUCKY THROWS HIMSELF
DOWN IN FRONT OF THE
CHARGING THUGS AND...

THAT'LL TAKE THESE GUYS OUT OF THE PICTURE FOR A WHILE...! NOW TO HELP CAP!

BUT AS BUCKY SPRINGS TO CAP'S AID, A TREACHEROUS BLOW KNOCKS HIM OUT!

SWAT!

...AND THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN AMERICA IS BROUGHT DOWN BY THE FORCE OF SUPERIOR NUMBERS...

DOGS! YOU DIE FOR THIS! TIE THEM UP...QUICK!

AWAY WITH THEM, FROG! SHAO CAN WATCH THEM WHILE WE DISPOSE OF THE DAME!

CAN I CUT THEIR THROAT, MASTER?

SURE! AS FOR YOU, FROG, DON'T LEAVE HER UNDER WATER TOO LONG! WE DON'T WANT HER TO DIE BEFORE SHE SIGNS THE PAPER!

OKAY! I OPEN UP AS SOON AS YOU GO OVER DE SIDE!

CAP AND BUCKY ARE CARRIED TO THE BASE OF THE IDOL, "DECKA", WHERE FROG PUSHES A BUTTON AND....

TAKE 'EM THRU, BOYS!

WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

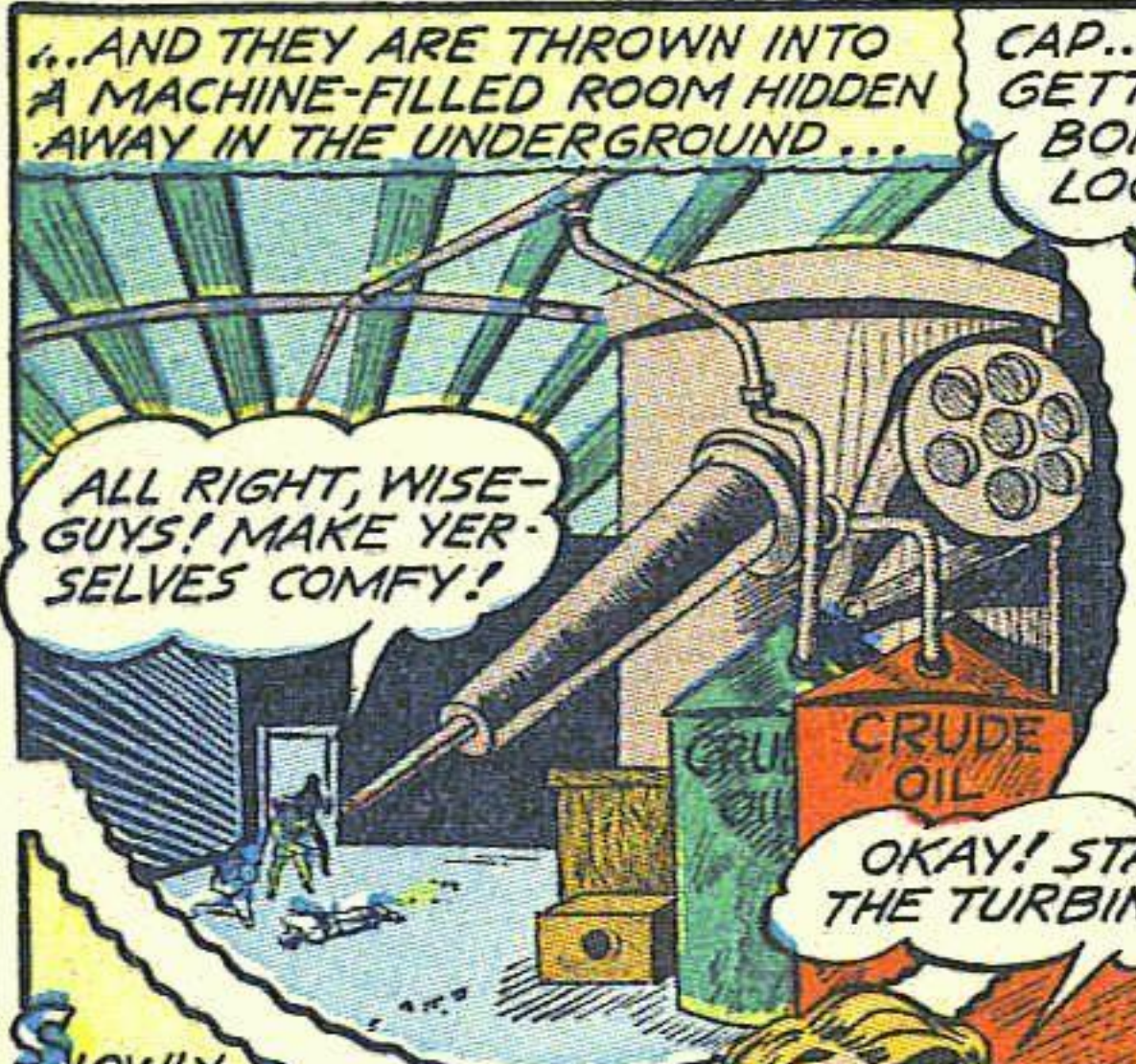


DOWN A LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS THEY GO, DEEP UNDERNEATH THE CITY STREETS INTO THE SEWERS...

GOSH, CAP! IS THIS THE END FOR US?

COURAGE LAD! WE'LL SEE IT THRU!

GOOD! I'LL OPERATE FROM THIS END!



...AND THEY ARE THROWN INTO A MACHINE-FILLED ROOM HIDDEN AWAY IN THE UNDERGROUND...

CAP... I'M GETTING MY BONDS LOOSE!

ALL RIGHT, WISE-GUYS! MAKE YER-SELVES COMFY!

OKAY! START THE TURBINES!

SLOWLY, CAP EXTENDS HIS FEET TOWARD THE GUARD!

GRAB THE KNIFE, BUCKY!

YOU'RE FREE, CAP! GO GET 'EM!

READY OR NOT... HERE WE COME!

HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE?



WHY DON'T YOU CALL IT A DAY, BUD?

ME C M

CRACK!

A comic book panel depicting a confrontation between two characters. On the left, a man with dark hair, wearing a red short-sleeved shirt and dark pants, is lunging forward in an aggressive pose. He has a determined, almost menacing expression. On the right, a man with blonde hair, wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt with red accents on the chest and red pants with blue boots, is standing in a defensive or ready stance. He is wearing dark sunglasses. The background consists of stylized, wavy lines in yellow and white, suggesting a wall or a turbulent environment. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the man in the red shirt saying "GET YOU! I KILL!" and another from the man in the blue and red suit saying "OH, OH! I'M SURROUND". The art style is characteristic of mid-20th-century comic books, with bold lines and a limited color palette.

A man in a green suit is running quickly, looking back over his shoulder with a worried expression. A speech bubble above him contains the word "FLEE!". The background is a simple, stylized wall with a yellow and orange pattern.

**BUCKY!
LOOK
OUT
LAD!**

NICE WORK, BUCKY!
THAT DISPOSSES OF
THEM FOR AWHILE!
LET'S SEE WHAT FROG
WAS PEEPING AT
THRU THAT
TELESCOPE!

MAYBE
WE'LL FIND
THE KEY
TO THIS
MYSTERY!

THINK NOTHING
OF IT, CAP! SEE
WHAT I MEAN?

HEY! THIS SHOWS THE RIVER SURFACE! I CAN SEE PRINCE BA'RAHM AND MRS. DALE!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! KEEP ON LOOKING!

JUST AS
I THOUGHT!
KEEP ON
LOOKING!

--- AND THRU
THE TELESCOPE,
BUCKY SEES ---

**13 TIMES THE MYSTIC
NUMBER! 13 TIMES THE
MYSTIC CIRCLE!**

A comic book illustration showing a small boat on a dark, choppy sea. In the background, a massive, towering fire or explosion is visible, with bright orange and yellow flames reaching upwards. The scene is framed by a jagged, yellow border. Two speech bubbles are present: the top one says "--- AND THRU THE TELESCOPE, BUCKY SEES ---" and the bottom one, which is larger, says "13 TIMES THE MYSTIC NUMBER! 13 TIMES THE MYSTIC CIRCLE!". The style is reminiscent of classic comic book art with bold lines and a limited color palette.

WHILE BACK IN THE CHAMBER SHAO, REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, AND REACHES FOR A HAMMER!

A comic book illustration of a large, muscular, balding man with a stern expression, wearing a black tank top. He is crouching low to the ground, with his hands on the floor. A speech bubble above him says "ME KILL!". The background is a textured green. In the bottom right corner, there is a small yellow starburst containing the number "12".

ME KILL!

SNEAKING UP BEHIND CAP AND BUCKY, SHAO DEALS THEM A TERRIFIC BLOW...

AT THAT MOMENT PRINCE BA'RAHM RUSHES INTO THE ROOM...



THE MYSTIC ORDERS CAP AND BUCKY CARRIED INTO THE DECKA CHAMBER, ROOM OF DEATH AND DOOM!



...AND CLOSING THE WATER-TIGHT DOOR ON THE ROOM, THE PRINCE AND HIS HENCHMEN DEPART LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS FORMS OF CAP AND BUCKY TO A WATERY DEATH...

WHILE BACK IN THE FLOODED CHAMBER, THE COLD WATER REVIVES CAP AND BUCKY...



AS THE LOCK ROLLS OPEN, THE FORCE OF THE RIVER RUSHES IN AND FORCES CAP AND BUCKY BACK AGAINST THE OPPOSITE WALL!

HOLD YOUR BREATH, KID! WHEN THE ROOM FILLS, DIVE UNDER THE CLOCK!

THEIR LUNGS STRAINED TO THE BURSTING POINT, THEY DIVE THRU THE LOCK AND ---

-- BATTLE THEIR WAY TO THE SURFACE!

WHOOSH! WE MADE IT CAP!

YES! AND NOW TO SETTLE THE HASH OF OUR HINDU FRIEND, PRINCE BA'RAHM!

MAKING THEIR WAY TO SHORE, CAP AND BUCKY RACE BACK TO THE WAREHOUSE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

OOPS!

BRADY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MRS. DALE, A CLIENT OF MINE, HAS VANISHED! I THOUGHT THE PRINCE COULD EXPLAIN HER WHEREABOUTS!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR CLIENT-- AND THE PRINCE TOO!

AND PLUNGING THRU ITS ENTRANCE, ALMOST RUN DOWN A FAMILIAR FIGURE...

WE CAN HANDLE THIS!

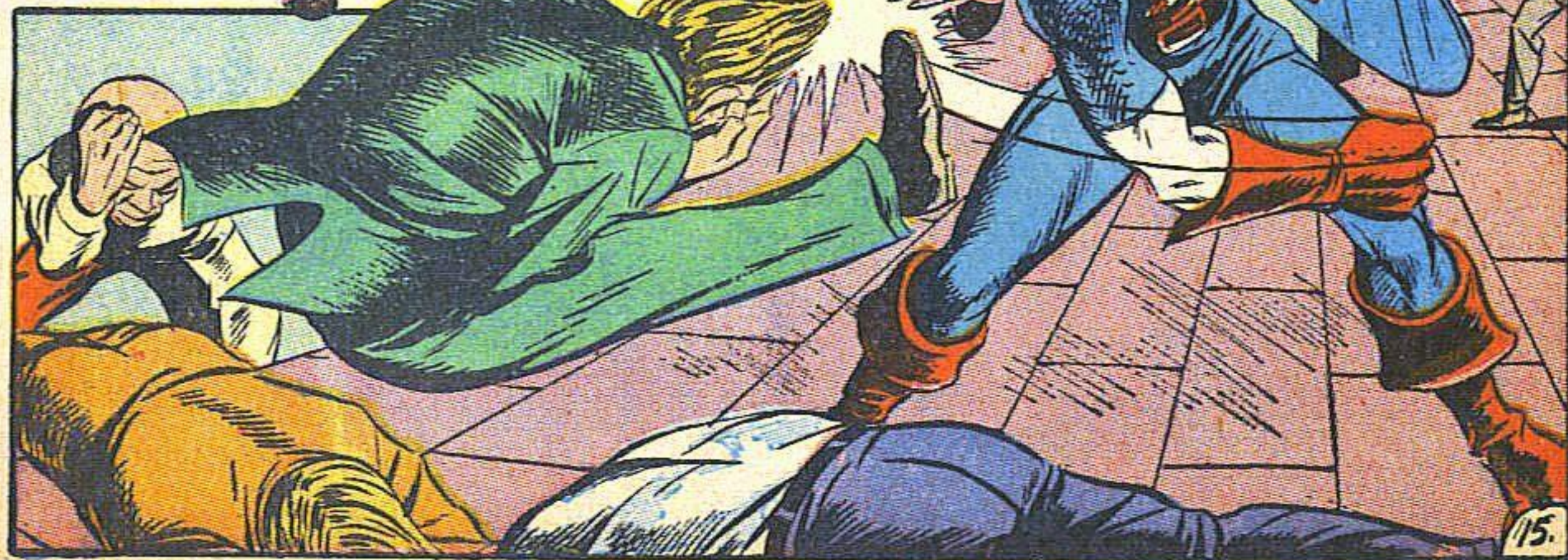
GOOD! I'D LIKE TO JOIN YOU, BUT I'M A BETTER LAWYER THAN A MAN OF ACTION!

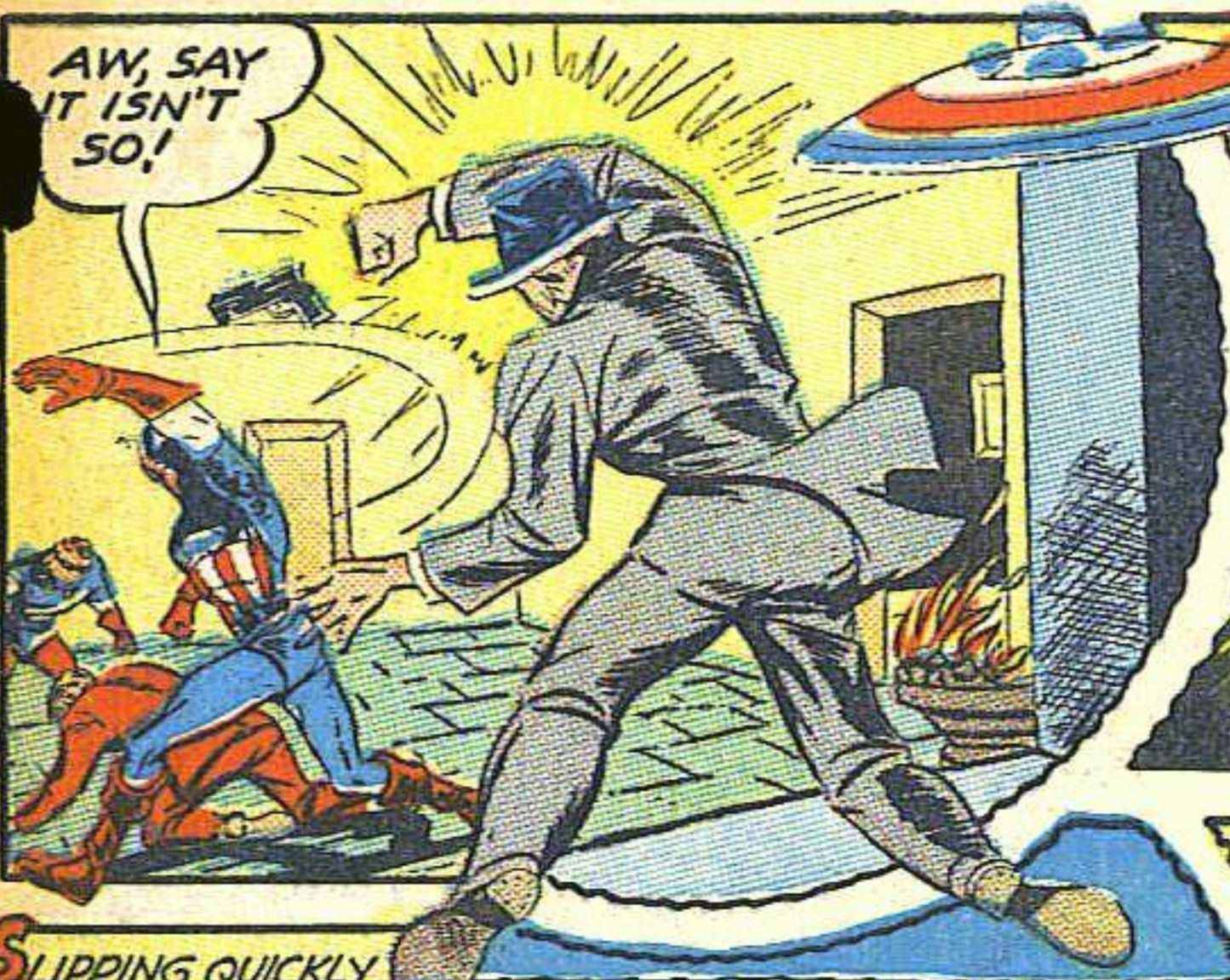
YAHOO!

AND THEY CRASH INTO THE SEANCE ROOM!

SURPRISE!

YIP! YIP!



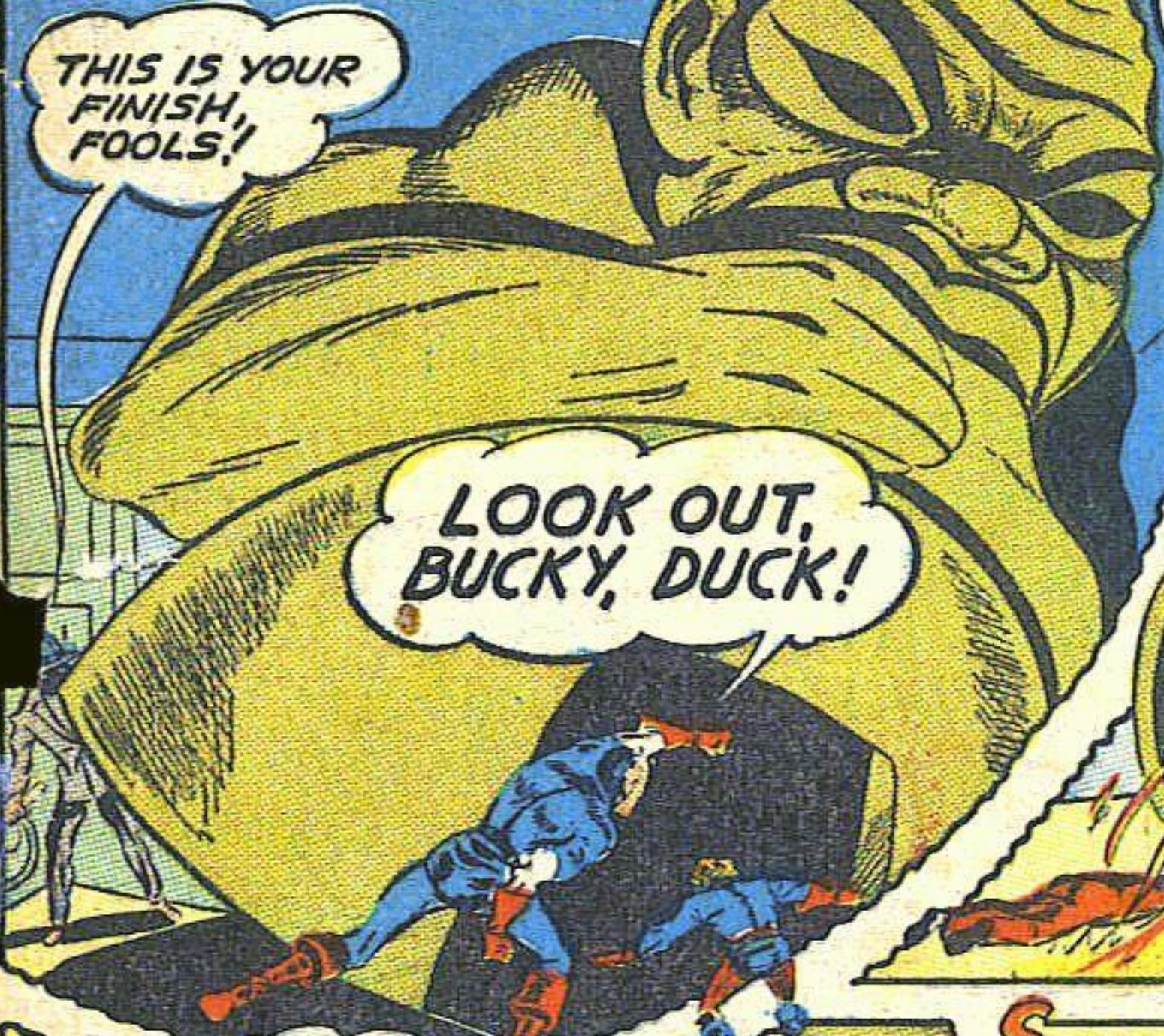


AS THE BLACK-CLAD FIGURE STAGGERS FROM THE BLOW OF THE HEAVY SHIELD, HIS HAND IS BURNT BY THE INCENSE BURNER . . .

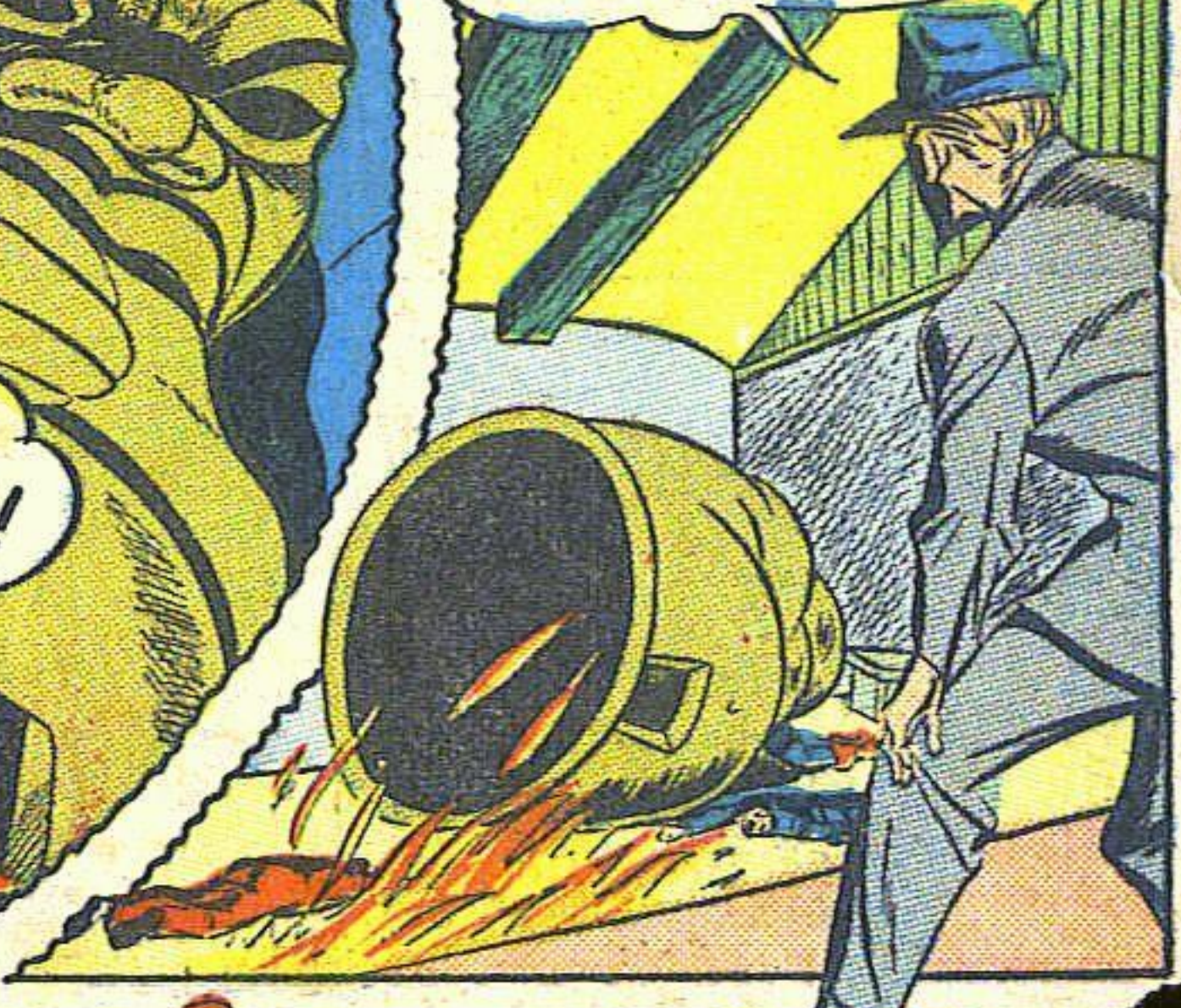


SLIPPING QUICKLY BEHIND THE IDOL, THE MAN OF MYSTERY PULLS A LEVER AND THE GIGANTIC MONSTER TOPPLES OVER ON CAP AND BUCKY!

...AND THEY ARE TRAPPED AS THE COALS FROM THE BRAZIER SET FIRE TO THE RUG...



FOOLS! ALL OF THEM! I'LL LET THE WHOLE PACK BROIL IN THEIR OWN JUICE! WITH THE MONEY FROM THE OTHER JOBS I'LL GO TO SOUTH AMERICA!



AS THE BOSS LEAVES THE BURNING ROOM, CAP STIRS...

FIRE! BUCKY!

WHA--- I'M ALL RIGHT, CAP!

TOO BAD ABOUT THE PRINCE AND HIS PLAY-MATES, BUT THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!

SEIZING MISS DALE, CAP AND BUCKY RACE FROM THE DOOMED BUILDING!



MEANWHILE A LIGHT GLOWS IN THE FOURTEENTH FLOOR OFFICE OF MR. BRADY, THE LAWYER---AS HE MAKES STRANGE HURRIED PREPARATIONS---

---WHILE STEPPING ONTO THE SAME FLOOR FROM THE ELEVATOR ARE---

CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I THOUGHT--THAT IS--
DID YOU FIND MY CLIENT?

BURN YOURSELF
BAD, BOSS?

WHAT'S
COOKIN'
CAP?

TELL YOU
LATER KID!
AH! WE'RE JUST
IN TIME! THERE
IS STILL A LIGHT
IN HIS OFFICE!

SO YOU KNOW!
YOU'LL NEVER
LIVE TO
USE YOUR
KNOWLEDGE!

THE BLAND
LOOK
VANISHES
FROM THE
LAWYER'S
FACE AS HE
REACHES
FOR A GUN
IN HIS
BRIEF
CASE...

... BUT CAP CHARGES BRADY AND
THE CROOKED LAWYER, STUMBLING
BACK, CRASHES THRU THE
WINDOW--

..AND PLUNGES TO
HIS INEVITABLE
DOOM!

AEEEEEE!

AEEEE!

A HORRIBLE DEATH, BUT HE
DESERVED IT! HE WAS THE THE
BOSS BEHIND THE RING THAT
PREYED ON WEALTHY WOMEN
PROMISING THEM ETERNAL LIFE!
IT WAS THRU HIM PRINCE BA'RAHM
MADE HIS CONNECTIONS!
THE VANISHING ACT ON
THE RIVER WAS TO CONVINCE
THEM NOTHING COULD KILL
THEM, TO SHOW THEIR
POWER SO THEY'D SIGN
THEIR MONEY OVER
TO THE CULT!

THE OIL WAS PUMPED UP THRU THE CHAMBER
TO THE RIVER AND SET ON FIRE! WHEN THE
PRINCE WAS READY TO DIVE, THE TURBINE
CREATED A WHIRLPOOL THAT SUCKED THEM
DOWN INTO THE LOCK! WHEN THE WOMEN
CAME TO, THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE IN
HEAVEN, SO THEY SIGNED OVER THE
DOUGH! AS FOR BRADY, IT WAS
OBLIVIOUS HE WAS THE BOSS, AS
HE WAS INVOLVED IN ALL THE
KILLINGS AS THEIR ATTORNEY!
THE BURNED HAND HE GOT
IN THE CHAMBERS,
CLINCHED IT!

THE END

beckoned Diego to follow him to a hut, and motioned him to lie down and sleep.

Sleep! It was impossible. Diego knew now, in an awful flash, that the head on the old man's staff was not that of a monkey, but human. Perhaps his own brown curly head was destined to replace it.

Wide-eyed, he stared into the creeping darkness, his mind busy. Diego's full name was Diego Smith. His Spanish mother had chosen his Christian name. His father was Judd A. Smith, noted American ornithologist, who had settled in Bahia, Brazil.

Three days ago Diego had said goodbye to his parents. It was time to return to boarding school in the United States. Besides the pilot, Bill Glammis, who was going back to enlist in the army air corps, Diego was the plane's only passenger.

A day's flying had brought them over the jungle. Bill Glammis had pointed out a native village to Diego.

"How'd you like to live there?"

"Gracias — but no!" grinned Diego. "I've seen plenty like that one on trips into the interior with Dad."

Then it had happened — something went wrong with the engine. Bill worked frantically a few minutes — then turned, white-faced.

"Sorry, kid, we'll have to bail out."

Obediently, but with a sickening sensation in his middle, Diego strapped on his parachute. He listened to the pilot's quick directions, crawled to the door — and jumped. Down, down he had floated over the matted green of the jungle. Landing in a thicket, he'd been too busy disentangling himself to notice what had happened to Bill and the plane. There was only a slight chance of their finding each other in such a dense jungle.

CREEPING OUT OF his hut, Diego stole like a shadow toward the one hut in the village which seemed to be guarded. Here, he was sure, was that other victim of these nasty little head-hunters. Who he was, whether white or native, Diego did not know, but he was determined to try to release him.

The muddy river glimmered beside the hut. Two well-armed guards slouched in front. Removing his shirt, the boy began to fill it with stones from the riverbank. He had to be very careful not to make a sound. But finally his substitute sack was full and heavy. Diego swung it far out and, yelling, let it fall with a great splash into the stream.

The guards came running, but Diego leaped to one side. Then with them out of the way, he dashed for the hut. In the doorway he found the prisoner, slashed with his knife at the binding on his legs.

"Hurry!" he whispered. "Whoever you are — scram!"

Together they rushed for the jungle black opposite to the river, found a path and dashed along down it, then struck off into the underbrush. Back of them from the direction of the village, lights streaked like frantic fireflies.

"They'll think I took to the river," panted Diego, "and I don't think they'll miss you."

His companion kicked him in the ankle.

"Heh — what's the —"

Then he saw dimly that the man's hands were still tied and that there was a gag in his mouth. Diego fumbled for his knife, cut the bonds, and removed the gag.

"Thanks, kid."

"Bill! I didn't know it was you — but am I glad!"

"Me, too," said Bill. "I guess I'd have been a goner but for you. You see — but come on! We've got to get back to the plane."

"The plane! But what good —"

But Bill was examining his compass in a spot of moonlight.

"Come on," he said. "Not a moment to lose. This way, kid."

From not far behind came yells. The head-hunters had discovered the trick. On the right trail now, they were pursuing furiously.

Diego never forgot that headlong flight in the Brazilian jungle. He had little time to think — no time to wonder what good a smashed plane would be to them when they found it. The main thing was to outdistance the head-hunters.

Suddenly they came out upon a wide cleared plain. Ahead, intact, was the plane! Diego thought he was dreaming.

"Bill — how —" he panted, as they sprinted for it.

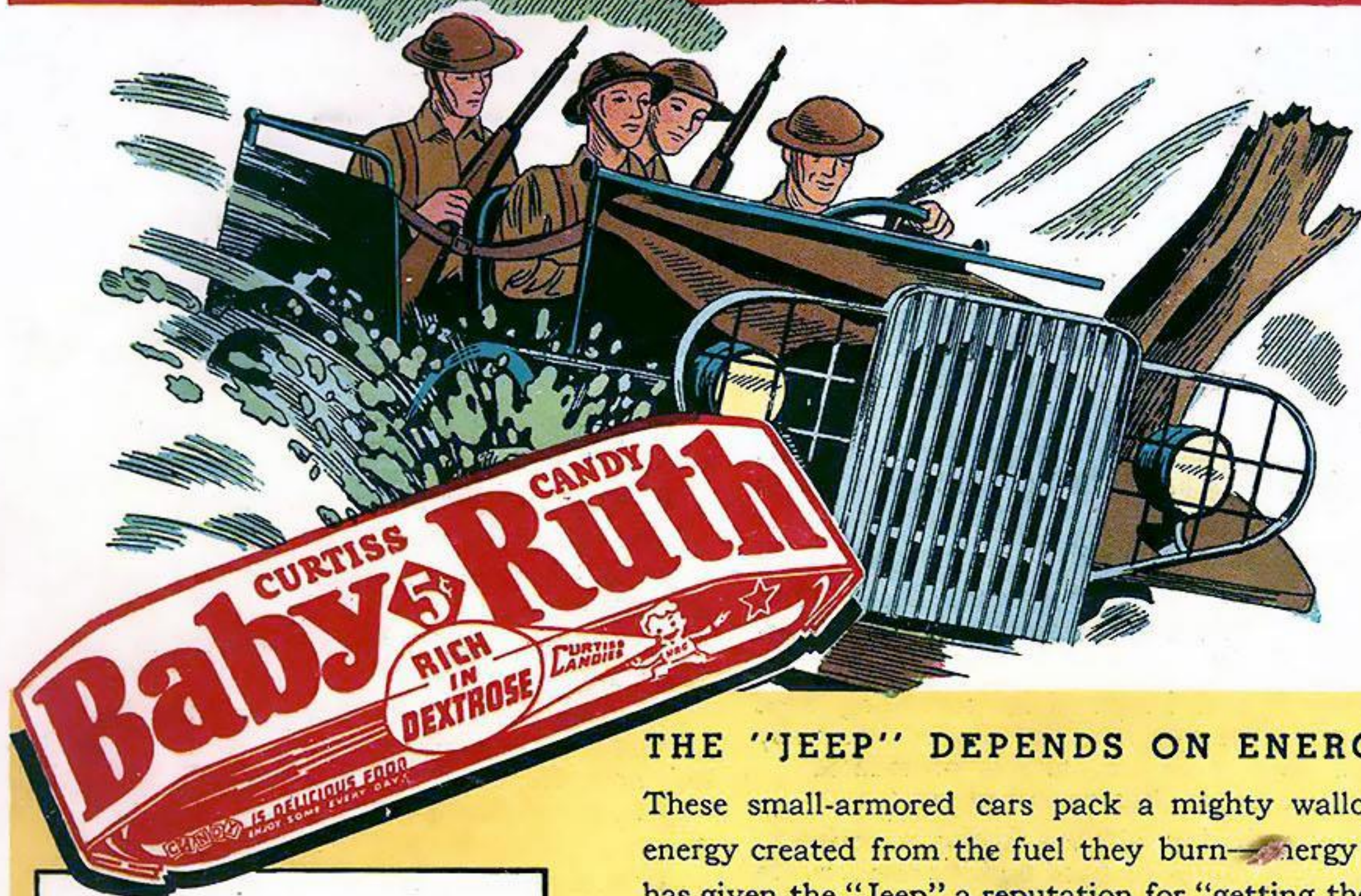
Inside safely, Bill started the engine, took off just as the horde of murderous natives, led by Monk, leaped into the clearing. In a few moments the jungle was a carpet of darkness below them. Only a cluster of torch lights, no bigger than pin pricks, showed where the head-hunters still swarmed.

Blood from a thousand scratches in the underbrush trickled down Diego's bare chest. But he didn't regret his lost shirt.

"After you jumped," the pilot explained, "I found the engine trouble. But then I had to find you. Circling, I found a clearing, and landed. I figured you'd make for the village, maybe, so I started that way. I was captured, tied — thought my end had come."

Diego grinned. "So did I — figured my head was due for old Monk's stick. But by using what was *inside* it, I managed to hang on to it. Si, señor!"

ENERGY TO GET THERE!



Tell Moms to try this New Recipe . . . Deliciously different cookies are easy-to-make with Baby Ruth

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, or other shortening
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white sugar
 1 egg
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 2 Curtiss 5c Baby Ruth Bars, cut in small pieces

Cream butter and sugar until smooth. Beat in egg. Stir in other ingredients. Chill and drop by half teaspoonful on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 10-12 minutes. Makes 50 cookies.

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